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POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS.

BY

EMMA LAZARUS.

WRITTEN BETWEEN THE AGES OF FOURTEEN AND SIXTEEN.

“They have just stolen from me — how I pity thy grief! —
All my manuscript verse ; — how I pity the thief ! ”

EPIGRAM FROM LEBRUN



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20

My Father.

DECEMBER 18, 1865.

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POEMS.

IN MEMORIAM.

J. E. T.

 NE by one the summer flowers
Now are dying;
She, the fairest of them all, is
With them lying.
The fresh roses from her cheeks
Now are fled;
That young soul is early numbered
With the dead.
Of the dying summer-flowers
She was fairest,
For in her were sweetly gathered
All the rarest.
Like a lily fair, her soul was,—
Pure and white;
Roses, on her cheeks so dimpled,
Blushed all bright.
And her eyes forget-me-nots were,
Full of feeling,—

Woman's strength and childish freshness,
Both revealing.
All her hopes here, now are scattered
To the earth;
Noiseless are the halls where sounded
Her gay mirth.
And in our hearts, so empty,
Nought is there
Save the shadow of her sweetness,—
Memory fair.
Such was she, our lovely flower,
Faded now;
For her were joy, and summer sunshine.
Wintry snow,
And stern misfortune's nipping blast,
At its first breath,
Struck down the blossom and consigned it
To drear Death.
And the flowers that are now all
Quickly dying,
At the blast of Autumn's keen breath,
Lowly lying,
They will bloom in future spring-times,
Bright as ever,
Budding sweet in field and meadow,
And by river.
So the soul of that fair maid, of
Early doom,

In the Spring of heaven above will
Once more bloom ;
Shining brighter than in days here
To her given, —
Beautifying with its fairness
God's own heaven.

September 3d, 1863.

FADED FLOWERS.

'T IS but two faded flowers, that have lost both
hue and scent,—
A red geranium-blossom, with its loveliness all
spent,
And a purple modest violet, that bloomed be-
neath the sky,
But to show forth all its beauty, to wither and
to die.

More dear to me than life itself are these poor
faded flowers,
And oft have they consoled me in my sad and
gloomy hours;
Like them, I, too, have faded, since her spirit
passed away,
And my weary heart, though broken, must lin-
ger day by day.

You ask me when she gave them? The gera-
nium when, above,

The moon shone bright with glory, and I whispered her my love ;
And the violet so faded, that my tears so often
lave,
After one short year of absence, I plucked from
off her grave.

September, 1863.

THE ECHO.

WHEN the shadows of evening fell low on the earth,
As I wearied of sadness, yet wished not for mirth,
Then I climbed the steep side of the mount old and bare,
Whose dark, slender top seemed to cleave the blue air.
And then sadly I mused on the death of my love,
Looking down upon forest, and meadow, and grove.
And I cried with a passionate burst of despair,
“Where again can I see her? Oh, tell me but where!
But the merciless heaven my cry will not hear!”
Then the lone mountain-echo gave answer, —
“Not here.”

And again I cried forth, all my soul in the cry,
To the mounts, and the woods, and the gold-tinted sky,

“I am sad, I am weary of all this world’s strife,
And I yearn to meet *her* in a happier life.
Shall I *e’er* see again my youth’s hope, my one
love?
Oh, now answer, ye heavens, that smile so
above!”
And the lone mountain-echo gave answer,—
“Above!”

October 12th, 1863.

THE SEA-QUEEN'S TOILET.

UNDER the sea, far under the sea,
In the emerald depths of the glorious sea,
Sits the Queen of the Mermaids, laughing and
singing,
The pearly drops out of her golden hair wring-
ing,
 Weaving them all
 In a coronal,
For the King of the Ocean, her husband to be.
 Singing she weaves,
 And her fair bosom heaves
With laughter and song, and music and mirth,
Happier far than being on earth.
There does she sit on her emerald throne,
 Alone, all alone,
Weaving her lord a coronal bright
Of the drops from her hair, so pearly and
white.
She wearies of solitude, laying aside
The wreath to be offered to husband from
bride.

And now does she call,
From her inner hall,
Her mermaids and men,
From chambers and halls beyond human ken;
And this joyous band,
Maids and youths hand in hand.
At the feet of their queen throw them down,
one by one;
Sure never was seen such a sight 'neath the sun.

The maidens all wear,
In their long waving hair.
Fairest drops of pure amber and opals and pearls,
That peep forth in beauty from out their long
curls.

And some have blue eyes,
As pure as the skies;
And some have deep black, or voluptuous brown,
That low on the gem-scattered ground are cast
down.

And their delicate lips are so fair and so red,
They seem as if stolen from some coral bed.

And the lovely Undines,
And the sweet river queens,
Are so dazzlingly fair,
As they bow themselves there,
That even they seem
Too bright for a dream.

But the Queen of the Mermaids is handsomer
far

Than the Undines
Or Queens,
All bright as they are.
And now they all deck
With jewels her neck ;
Here a drop of pure amber
From some inner chamber ;
There a diamond rare
On her shoulder so fair ;
And her arms and her dresses,
And her long golden tresses,
All glitter and shine
With the spoils of the mine.
But the topaz, so fair,
That they place in her hair,
Is not half as bright
As her curls, in the light
Of the golden-green sea.
And the coral they haste
To put in her waist,
Is not as red or as small
As her lips, when they call
To her maids in the hall ;
And the pearls that they wreath
Round her fair little head,
Are eclipsed by her teeth,
With their frame of red.

THE EAST INDIAN GIRL.

(ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.)

ADOWN the dark'ning forest glades
There fell the sun with slanting beam,
Right through the leafy, long arcades,
All gladdening with dazzling gleam.

And swift athwart the deepest shade
There came one golden ray of sun,
But just to kiss a lovely maid
Who sat upon a mossy stone.

Adown it came, that golden thread,
And sported in her jetty hair;
Then deeped her mantle's glowing red,
Then touched her cheek, and lingered *there*.

All low the pensive eye was cast,
Half-hidden by the silken fringe;
And where that dark'ning shadow past
There was a softer, lovelier tinge.

The ruby lip appeared as though
'T were jealous of the cheek's rich hue,
But gave it yet a fresher glow,
And burned with added beauty too.

Around the snowy neck was strung
A dazzling row of fairest pearls,
That sought in vain, from where they hung,
To ripple in among the curls.

Of purest white a garment thin
But half-concealed the form so light,
And girdled was by zone of green,
With flashing jewels studded bright.

Her head was resting on the tree,
That bent o'er her its grateful shade,
Reclining 'gainst it listlessly,
There sat and dreamed the pensive maid.

Long, long she'd waited — all in vain,
Upon that green and mossy stone,
Through sunny calm and beating rain,
Each morning and each eve alone,

Till when the heat of day was strong,
Or night's black shadows rose and fell —
For one who swore to love her long,
And guard her tenderly and well.

And morn and even to that stone
Thus faithfully she went for years,
Till every bright-winged hope had flown,
And frozen were the welling tears.

But he she waited ne'er was known,
And ne'er her fervent love repaid;
So, underneath the mossy stone
They laid the broken-hearted maid.

January 3d, 1864.

THE CASKET AND THE FLOWER.

(THIRD ACT OF "FAUST.")

THE leaves with the night-dew are drooping
and wet,
The moon has arisen on high;
But there in her garden sits Marguerite yet,
Nor heeds how the hours flit by.

In one hand a violet fair does she hold,
As blue as her own truthful eyes,
And a burnished and dazzling casket of gold
In the other, glittering, lies.

The moonlight a tear in her earnest eye shows
As she looks on the drooping stem;
And a smile o'er a blush, like the sun on a
rose,
When she dwells on the sparkling gem.

She puts in the waves of her long, golden hair,
The violet, saying, "Thou art

The pledge of a friend who is loving and fair;"
But the jewel she lays on her heart.

No sound is breathed forth from the depths of
the night,
No zephyr is borne from afar;
But a black cloud comes over the sky so bright,
And darkens the light of a star.

January 27th, 1864.

“ICH HABE GELEBT UND GELIEBT.”

YES, I have lived through many weary years
Of suffering, and grief, and endless pain,
And little joy, and bitter, bitter tears ;
And all my darkened life has been in vain.
For what is left me in my old age now ?

These locks of snow.

Yes, I have loved, and madly loved, and long,
With all the passion of a woman’s loving,
Through joy and sorrow, through distrust and
 wrong ;
And through behoving, and through unbehov-
 ing.
And now, in my old age, what is my part ?
 A broken heart.

July 18th, 1864.

SOMETHING TO WEEP OVER.

'T is but a lock of golden hair,
Kept from the years of long ago,
Just to recall a face loved well,
Now 'neath the flowers sleeping low.

To press it once more to my heart of hearts ;
To kiss it for her in her long, long sleep ;
To curl it once more in its form of old ;
To gaze at it fondly, to smile and weep.

Little have I, in these sad years,
E'en to recall those golden days :
Sometimes a strain of music sweet,
Sometimes a look like the old fond gaze.
So ask me not now why I kiss the lock,
Why hold the tress in my day-dreams and
sleep ;
'T is all I have left o'er which I can smile,
'T is all I have left o'er which I can weep.

NEW BRIGHTON, *August 20th, 1864.*

THE HOLY OF HOLIES.

ONCE I knew a little chapel,
And it held a sacred altar,
And before it e'er I trembled,
While my footsteps e'er did falter.
Still before that shrine I worshipped
In the dark night and the day,
Little thinking that my idol
Was but wrought of fragile clay.
O'er the shrine there burned a taper
Of a small, but dazzling light,
And I called the slender taper
Hope, because it burned so bright.
And that altar I had builded
To a maiden young and fair,
To a form of wondrous beauty,
With a halo of gold hair;
Like a pure Madonna, smiling
Down upon me from above,
While I ever offered incense
At the altar of my love.

And I deemed that form of beauty
From my soul would ne'er depart,
For the maiden was my idol,
And the altar was my heart.

Now I know a little chapel,
And it holds a shattered altar,
And before it e'er I tremble,
While my weary footsteps falter.
O'er the shrine there burns a taper
Of a dim and fading light,
And I call the taper Mem'ry,
For it gleams athwart the night
With a pallid, faint reflection
Of the ray that once was there,
O'er the altar, rudely shattered,
By the one I thought so fair.
And I weep before my altar
Now, with prayerless lips apart,
For my idol now is broken,
Like my mocked and ruined heart.

NEW BRIGHTON, *August*, 1864.

A CRADLE AND A GRAVE.

SEE this little empty cradle
Hung with silk all draped around,
And with snowy curtains drooping
Idly over to the ground.
'T is so lately since the linen
Bore the impress of the form
That each night in slumber lay there,
And the pillow yet was warm
With the soft and gentle pressure
Of the rosy velvet cheek,
With the coral lips' light breathing,—
Lips not formed enough to speak.
Not to earth's sad cares and trials
Was this little soul here doomed,
For the fragile bud, unopened,
Faded e'en before it bloomed.

See this gentle mound here rising,—
Sigh upheaved by earth's sad breast;
Here the cypress droops, a mourner
O'er a baby form at rest.

The violets have not blossomed,
Nor the grass begun to wave,
Nor the summer sunshine brightened,
O'er this little new-made grave.
And the snow falls fast and heavy,
But the mound is not yet white,
For the little knoll was shapen
In this bitter winter night.
Earth is dreary, man is feeble,
And, perchance, 't is better so
That the cradle should be empty,
And a full grave in the snow.

September 2d, 1864.

BEGINNING AND END.

JUST enough light from the stars and the moon
 To see my belovèd's face,
Out in the blooming garden late,
 In the darkest, fairest place.
Silver and beaming the full round moon
 On that little golden head,
Like a halo of glory on sainted maid
 Softly and tenderly played.

Just enough light from the stars and the moon
 To see a low-shapen mound
Rising up soft from the grassy earth,
 With blooming flowerets crowned.
Silver and beaming the full round moon
 Makes the long shadows wave ;
Bitterly weeping alone I sit
 By my belovèd's grave.

February 22d, 1865.

THE BROKEN TOY.

'T is very long ago now,
I was a little boy,—
I had, and guarded carefully,
A pretty little toy;
A golden heart, all sparkling
And set with jewels bright,
With opals and with rubies,
And with pearls so pure and white.
I saw a lovely maiden
With smiling lips apart,
And rashly did I give her
My pretty golden heart.
She toyed with it an hour,
So gay and merrily;
Up in the dazzling sunbeams
She tossed it playfully.
And with her tiny foot, then,
She crushed and broke it quite,—
My golden heart, all sparkling
With jewels clear and bright.

Then back she, careless, gave me
 My little broken toy,
With pretty scornful laughter,
 And a merry childish joy.
Poor heart, all crushed and broken,—
 I'm weeping o'er it yet;
Alas! the lovely maiden
 I never can forget.
'T is very long ago, now,
 I was a little boy,—
But still I'm weeping sadly
 Over my broken toy.

March 1st, 1865.

THE LAMP OF THE GANGES.

[When their lovers leave them, the maids of the Ganges send out lamps on the river, and believe the former faithless if the flame is extinguished before passing out of sight.]

FRAGRANT and moonless, starry and bright,
Lovely and cool, is the summer night;
There's nothing to stir the silence round
Save the river's low and rippling sound;
Each little wave is crowned with a star,
Brought down from the deep blue vault afar.
Through the black, shadowy waving trees,
Soft and low whispers the evening breeze.
A rustling sound is borne on the air,
Quickly darts forward a maiden fair.
Swaying and graceful her figure light,
Jewelled and scented her garments white.
Long silken lashes her black eyes shade;
Swiftly she breaks through the tangled glade.
With the midnight dew-drops, cold and damp,
Her fingers arch o'er a burning lamp.
Gentle and noiseless she nears the stream,
And sends o'er the waves the lamp's bright
gleam.

Rising and falling, it floats afar;
Twinkling, it shines like a golden star.
Fearful and trembling, still in the shade
Watching the flame, stands the fair young maid.
It flickers, quivers, then burns once more;
Still waits the maid on the distant shore.
Sudden it pales and it dies away,
And vanished now is the last bright ray.
Nought on the stream save the star's pale light,
And the rising moon on the summer night.
No sound on the bank save a gentle sigh,
That dies on the zephyr floating by.
A plunge is heard from the river's shore,—
A stir in the waves, and all is o'er.
Fragrant and moonlit, starry and bright,
Lovely and cool is the summer night.
There 's nothing to stir the silence round
Save the river's low and rippling sound.

March 4th, 1865.

LINKS.

THE little and the great are joined in one
By God's great force. The wondrous golden
sun

Is linked unto the glow-worm's tiny spark ;
The eagle soars to heaven in his flight ;
And in those realms of space, all bathed in
light,

Soar none except the eagle and the lark.

April 6th, 1865.

ONLY A DREAM.

A DREAM of glory and youth and faith,
And a love that should last through life and
death.

A dream of a face with violet eyes,
And a smile of a tender, sweet surprise.
With a golden frame of wavy, soft hair,
Of a maiden at once both pure and fair.
A glorious dream, while erst it did last,
That illumined so brightly all my past,—
A dream that was lighted by Hope's bright
gleam,
Through golden days,— but *only* a Dream.

September 13th, 1864.

BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRED.
WINTHROP.

KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS, APRIL 1, 1865.

MORE hearts will break than gladden when
The bitter struggle's past;
The giant form of Victory must
A giant's shadow cast.

The shadow only can we see,
Through blinding mists of tears;
God sees the dazzling light that will
Illumine future years.

Bloom, flowers, with early blossoms fair,
Above his narrow bier!
Weep, dawn, your saddest tears of dew
For him who slumbers here!

Shine out, ye little silver stars,
Like tearful, weeping eyes!
Sing, birdlings fair, his praises now,
And bear them to the skies!

Weep, maidens, o'er him resting here
In his long, dreamless sleep !
Alas ! the saddest of ye all
Is she who *cannot* weep.

April 12th, 1865.

APRIL 27TH, 1865.

“Oh, where can I lay now my aching head?”
The weary-worn fugitive sadly said.

“I have wandered in pain all the sleepless
night,

And I saw my pursuers’ distant light
As it glared o’er the river’s waves of blue,
And flashed forth again in each drop of dew.
I’ve wandered all night in this deadly air,
Till, sick’ning, I drop with pain and despair.”

Go forth! Thou shalt have here no rest again,
For thy brow is marked with the brand of
Cain.

“I am weary and faint and ill,” said he,
“And the stars look down so mercilessly!
Do ye mock me with your glittering ray,
And seek, like the garish sun, to betray?
Oh, forbear, cruel stars, so bright and high;
Ye are happy and pure in God’s own sky.
Oh, where can I lay me now down to sleep,
To rest and to slumber, to pray and weep?”

Go forth! Thou shalt have here no rest again,
For thy brow is marked with the brand of
Cain.

“To sleep! What is sleep now but haunting
dreams?

Chased off, every time, by the flashing gleams
Of the light o'er the stream in yonder town,
Where all are searching and hunting me down!
Oh, the wearisome pain, the dread suspense,
And the horror each instant more intense!
I yearn for rest from my pain and for sleep,—
Bright stars, do ye mock, or, quivering, weep?”

Go forth! Thou shalt have here no rest again,
For thy brow is marked with the brand of
Cain.

On the marsh's grass, without pillow or bed,
Fell the rain and dew on his fated head;
While the will-o'-the-wisp, with its changeful
light,
Led him on o'er the swamp in the darksome
night;
And all Nature's voices cried out again,
To the weary fugitive in his pain,—

Go forth! Thou shalt have here no rest again,
For thy brow is marked with the brand of
Cain.

The pursuers are near! Oh, bitter strife!
Youth, more strong than despair, still clings to
life.
More near and more near! They find him at
last;
One desperate struggle, and all is past,—
One desperate struggle, 'mid smoke and flame,
For life without joy, and darkness and shame.
A prayer ascends to high Heaven's gate
For his soul,— O God, be it not too late!
A ball cleaves the air. . . . He is lying there,
Pale, stiff, and cold in the fresh morning air;
And the flames' hot breath is all stifled now,
And the breezes caress his marble brow.

All sorrow has gone with life's fitful breath.
Rest at last! For thy brow bears the seal of
Death.

April 29th, 1865.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Oh, let me go weep on his flowerless grave !
I will go in the night, the rain, or the storm ;
The perils of gloom and of darkness I'll brave,
To watch and to weep o'er that well-beloved
form.

Ay, more than the night, I will go in the *sun*,
When my anguish and grief are seen by each
one !

Oh, break not thus rudely life's holiest ties,
Let the mother now know where the fated son
lies.

He needs so much prayer in his untimely
sleep,—

None will pray ! He needs tears,—there's no
one will weep !

Oh, tell me, where rises that misshapen
mound ?

I will pray and will weep on the cold, clayey
ground.

I would give all the joy of my happiest years
To go there and shed these my bitterest tears.

I would go to his victim's revered, honored
tomb,
And beg, of that merciful heart in the gloom,
His pardon and pity,—*he* would not refuse!
And then would I haste, in the night's deadly
dews,
And whisper it soft to my doomed son, all low.
By my tears, ever watered, bright blossoms
might grow,—
Sweet flowers that over his grave would arise,
To show that *God* knows where the fated one
lies.

May 11th, 1865.

UN RECUERDO.

I saw, long ago, in the fleeting dance,
That beautiful maid,
With her flashing eyes, and their poisoned
glance
'Neath the lashes' shade.

Ah, lovely she was then, and fair to see,
With her tiny feet,
That moved to the cadence, gracefully,
Of the music sweet.

She smiled as she swayed in the giddy dance,—
Ah, those golden hours!—
And she threw me, in merry, girlish joy,
Some pale purple flowers.

Ay, gentle Pepita was fair to see,
In the mystic dance,—
With her sable hair, with its rippling waves,
And her piercing glance.

But I weep when I think of Pepita now,
As she stood that day,
And my sad thoughts back to that happy time
Now evermore stray.

Where the frowning and dark Sierra high
Shades the lowly vale,
There's a snowy stone that covereth now
The fair and the frail;

And a marble cross, that shadows her form
In sun and in showers;
And over the cross there are ever wreathed
Some pale, purple flowers.

May 14th, 1865.

REST AT LAST.

“ Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep.” — *Proverbs* xxiv. 33.

WHEN all joy is cold and dead,
And our youth and smiles are fled ;
When our dreams all fade in air,
And hope changeth to despair ;
When our heart grows worn and cold,
Ere our weary years be told ;
When we, yearning, long for sleep,
And our eyes can only weep ;
When we traverse, all in tears,
The drear desert of our years,
Seeking ever some sweet spot
To repose, and find it not ;
When we’re weary, faint, and worn,
And our heart is sorely torn ;
When the sun’s hues linger yet,
And we muse but on suns set ;
When we dream, in Spring’s glad hours,
But of those *beneath* her flowers ;

When a faded bud is worth
More than fairest one on earth ;
When but sad strains can beguile,
And awake a flitting smile ;
When all forms that meet our gaze
Only bring us back past days ;
When with fate in vain we cope,
And have nought in life to hope ;
When we 'd rest our weary head,
And have nought in death to dread ; —
Then, to bury the dead Past,
The sweet slumber comes at last.
No *closed* eyes can ever weep,
And we bless the little sleep,
And the gentle slumber soft
That we 've yearned for, long and oft,
Through the hours' lingering sands.
All earth's sighs are now repress'd,
In our worn and weary breast,
By the folding of the hands,
By the folding o'er the breast.
And to peace and calm and rest,
Freed from woes and want and breath,
Float we down the stream of Death.

June 16th, 1865.

A LAMENT FOR THE SUMMER.

OH, we mourn thee, lovely Summer,
As thou liest on thy bier,—
As we see thy blossoms faded,
And thy leaflets pale and sere.
All thy long warm days so peaceful,
With their golden sunsets crowned,
When thy roses blushed in blooming,
Spreading perfume wide around.
All thy tranquil, happy evenings,
When thy moon rose proud and cold,
Like a queen, in robes of silver,
Midst the twinkling stars of gold.
When she rose and flung a garment
O'er the earth, of ermine fair,
Whitest lights and blackest shadows,
In the Summer night's blue air.
When the little, gleaming starlets,
In the fields of heaven God sets,
Were like dew-drops, brightly sparkling
On a bed of violets.

Now, oh fair and lovely Summer,
Thou art lying in thy tomb ;
Nought can come save gaudy Autumn
That must die in Winter's gloom.
Thou art gone with all thy flowers,
Thou hast faded in the Past ;
Far too lovely here to linger,
Far too beautiful to last.
Yet thou, too, had 'st days of sadness,
Sighing winds and dropping rain ;
Why did'st mourn, gay-seeming Summer ?
What could give thee cause for pain ?
None on earth can ever know it,
And thy secret none can tell, —
Save, perhaps, the sobbing ocean,
And the birds that sing farewell.

September 2d, 1865.

NIAGARA.

THOU art a giant altar, where the Earth
Must needs send up her thanks to Him above
Who did create her. Nature cometh here
To lay its offerings upon thy shrine.
The morning and the evening shower down
Bright jewels,—changeful opals, em'ralds fair.
The burning noon sends floods of molten gold,
The calm night crowns thee with its host of
stars,
The moon enfolds thee with her silver veil,
And o'er thee e'er is arched the rainbow's
span,—
The gorgeous marriage-ring of Earth and
Heaven.
While ever from the holy altar grand
Ascends the incense of the mist and spray,
That mounts to God with thy wild roar of
praise.

CLIFTON-HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA,
August 24th, 1865.

NIAGARA RIVER BELOW THE FALLS.

Flow on forever, in thy tranquil sleep,
Thou stream, all wearied by thy giant leap;
Flow on in quiet and in peace fore'er,
No rocky steep, no precipice is there.

The rush, the roar, the agony are past;
The leap, the mighty fall, are o'er at last;
And now with drowsy ripplings dost thou flow,
All murmuring in whispers soft and low.

Oh, tell us, slumb'ring, em'rald river, now,
With that torn veil of foam upon thy brow;
Now, while thou sleepest quietly below,—
What are thy dreams? Spent river let us
know.

Again, in thought, dost dash o'er that dread
steep,
By frenzy maddened to the fearful leap?
By passion's mists all blinded, cold and white,
Dost plunge once more, now, from the dizzy
height?

Or else, forgetful of the dangers past,
Art dreaming calm and peacefully, at last,
Of that fair nymph who pressed thy livéd brow,
And gave thy past a glory vanished now?

The *Rainbow*, whom the royal Sun e'er wooes,
For whom, in tears, the mighty Storm-king
sues;

Who left her cloud-built palace-home above,
To crown thy awful brow with light and love.

Yes, in thy tranquil sleep, oh, wearied stream,
Still of the lovely Iris is thy dream;
The agony, the perils ne'er could last;
But with all these the rainbow, too, has past.

No life so wild and hopeless but some gleam
Doth lighten it, to make a future dream.
Thy course, O Stream, has been mid fears and
woe,
But thou hast met the Rainbow in thy flow.

NEW YORK, November 3d, 1865.

LUCIA TO EDGARDO.

YES, I have loved thee, oh, thou First and Only!

Who ever from my heart these humbled words hath drawn.

And what has been my life? A desert lonely,—
A black and starless night, that knew no other dawn

Than death,—a hopeless, agonizing lot:
For what meant joy and life where thou wert not?

Edgardo!

How oft, in dreams, my last heart-rending scene with thee

I view again. The waxen tapers' mellow light, Brightening all that hall of fatal revelry; The bridal maidens round me in their robes of white;

And my stern father sacrificing me To long-forgotten feuds of family.

And I, so pale and trembling all, a death-like bride,

Amidst the scene of such fell mockery to me;
When lo! the crimson curtain slowly waved
aside,

And cold, reproachful, oh, Edgardo, I saw *thee*;
Thy love to hate distorted on thy face,
Where scorn of tenderness had ta'en the place.

Nor would'st thou e'en regard the passionate
despair

Felt in my heart of hearts, and written on my
face;

But with thy storm of hate lashed her, once
thought so fair;

And pitilessly saw the form, once deemed all
grace,

Quiver and fall, all death-like, at thy feet;
My bridal-robe, my rent heart's winding-sheet.

And then I knew no more; and when I woke
again,

Oh, thou, my love, hadst gone forever, ever-
more,

And I awoke to agony and tears and pain;
And dark Despair her mantle spread my whole
life o'er;

And all my days had changed, and hope was
dead;

And all the joy of years to come had fled.

And now, again, I feel a sudden thrill of joy;
For I am dying, love, and I shall meet thee
soon.

I would that I could see once more on earth
thy form,

But no! the sun dies, too; and with the rising
moon

I shall have passed to other, brighter spheres,
And other lips will tell thee of my tears.

They tell me, oh, my love, I oft have raved of
thee,

And wandered, all regardless of their tears and
pain,

With mad appeals to thee, and looks of va-
cancy,

And senseless words of love, and crazed and
wilder'd brain;

And, in my frenzy, I would cry to thee,
And beg thee to return, on bended knee.

I might have better borne through life thy
awful hate,

Edgardo, than I bore thy silence and thy
scorn.

Oh, scorn me not, but love me, love me,
though so late;

I, dying, rise, and wild, beseech thee to return,

And I shall, with my woe, thy stern heart move.
Return, and love me with the old fond love !

Once more I rave ! — Now all delirium is past,
And I, Edgardo, will not ask again thy love ;
And though I would caress and love thee to
the last,
I would not with my grief thy heart, my loved
one, move.

I would not now reproach thee with my fate,
Though I have been so sad and desolate.

And now, I will not send thee e'en a lock of
hair
To cluster round thy heart-strings and recall
my woe ;
For thou, too, wilt forgive, when all my dread
despair,
And tears and grief and love, Edgardo, thou
dost know.

I will not leave to thee such mem'ries vain, —
Bequeath thy heart such fearful, needless pain.

No, I will send to thee no more, save one last
friend,
Beside me now, to tell thee all my misery,
And let thee know my faith, e'en to the dark,
sad end,

And how I still could love through all mine
agony.

So, with the sunlight on me, as I lie,
I can forgive thee, love, forgive and die,
Edgardo.

July 15th, 1864.

ON A LOCK OF MY MOTHER'S HAIR.

In looking o'er the souvenirs
Of days when I was young,
I found a lock of silver hair
The tokens dear among.

And, like a bright connecting link,
That lock recalled the Past,
And brought me saddening memories,
And sweet thoughts crowding fast.

For well did I remember me,—
When that dear lock was bright
With mellow gold, of sunny tint,
That changed in every light.

And, then, the shade of earthly cares
Touched, e'er with saddening hand,
The little tress, until it soon
Became this silver band.

And pray I now that Sorrow may,
Whene'er she comes to me,
But change my heart's now golden joy
To silver's purity.

And pray I, that though to my heart
Earth's saddest woes are given,
They may but tint with purer ray,
And make it worthy heaven.

December, 1863.

SPRING.

THE cold white snow has faded fast,
And stilled now is the wintry blast.
Where erst it lay, that cold, dull snow,
The pale-pink primrose now doth blow,
With meekness blushing, in the wood,
The first of her fair sisterhood.

The runlet's icy chains are burst;
He flows in joy and peace at first,
Then, babbling, sports in merry glee,
And sings aloud at being free,
And whispers to the sprouting grass,
"Come, weave a carpet where I pass."

The violets, tinted like the sky,
Seem freshly fallen from on high,
And bloom in every shady nook.
Fair Spring, through those blue eyes, doth look
Upon the gladsome, happy earth,
To which she bringeth joy and mirth.

Midst purple clover graze the herds,
Midst fresh green branches sing the birds.
And now, the heart, too, groweth gay,
Throws off old sorrows day by day,
And praiseth God with gladness rife
For Spring, and flowers, and earth, and life.

January 23d, 1866.

REMEMBER.

“Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth ; while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.”—*Ecclesiastes xii. 1.*

REMEMBER Him, the Only One,
Now, ere the years flow by,—
Now, while the smile is on thy lip,
The light within thine eye.
Now, ere for thee the sun have lost
Its glory and its light,
And Earth rejoice thee not with flowers,
Nor with its stars the Night.
Now, while thou lovest Earth, because
She is so wondrous fair
With daisies and with primroses,
And sunlit, waving air ;
And not because her bosom holds
Thy dearest and thy best,
And some day will thyself enfold
In calm and peaceful rest.
Now, while thou lovest violets,
Because mid grass they wave,

And not because they bloom upon
Some early-shapen grave.

Now, while thou lovest trembling stars,
But just because they shine,
And not because they're nearer one
Who never can be thine.

Now, while thou lovest music's strains,
Because they cheer thy heart,
And not because from aching eyes
They make the tear-drops start.

Now, while thou lovest all on earth,
And deemest all will last,
Before thy hope has vanished quite,
And every joy has past.

Remember Him, the Only One,
Before the days draw nigh
When thou shalt have no joy in them,
And praying, yearn to die.

January 20th, 1866.

ROMANCE.

C'ETAIT au mois de Mai,
 Je te voyais, mon amour,
Et la Nature souriait,
 Tu me parlais bas ce jour.
Les ondes, les roses, les fleurs,
 Et les oiseaux dans leur nid,
Ecoutaient tous, ce jour,
 Le mot que tu m'as dit.
Mais c'est aujourd'hui l'hiver,
 Je ne vois plus mon amour,
Et la Nature tristement pleure,
 Tu as oublié ce jour.
Les roses, les violettes,
 Sont effeuillées par les vents,
L'oiseau a fui son nid,
 Et vainement je t'attends.
Car tu m'as parlé bas,
 Ce jour que Dieu bénit,
Mais ton cœur déjà oublie,
 Ce que tes lèvres ont dit.

January, 1866.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE, the fair one, with the sea-blue eyes,
And rich gold locks upon her shoulders pure,
Ambrosial, bright, and long as Herè's own,
And cheeks in color like the Spring's first rose,
All shaded into soft and melting pink,
As velvety and smooth as is the peach,
And dimpling like the Ocean's sun-kissed waves;
With perfect-moulded limbs and slender form,—
The lovely daughter of the river-god,—
Was pierced by Cupid, that young archer bold,
Pierced through the heart with arrow thick and
blunt,
And tipped with dark and heavy leaden-point,
That deadened her to love's most fond caress.
Apollo, with the dazzling, sunny locks,
Waving in glorious curls above his brow,
Divinely-lit with genius of a god,
Benevolent, serene, and beautiful,—
Apollo, bender of the silver bow,
Apollo, player of the golden harp,
God of the Sun, and fairest of the gods,
Was pierced by Cupid, that young archer bold,

Pierced through the heart with arrow fine and sharp,

And tipped with bright and lightsome golden point,

That wakened him to love's sweet influence.

So thus it chanced, the Sun-god loved the maid,

Apollo loved fair Daphne, chaste and pure,

And sought her with the longings of desire;

But she repelled him with cold haughtiness,

And fled him, with the blush upon her cheek,

In emulation of proud Cynthia.

He saw her, in her beauteous maidenhood,

Standing beside the blue and limpid stream

Where dwelt the river-god, old Peneus,

And burned at once with an imperious love,

That bore him onward irresistibly,

And with one spring he darted toward the maid,

To seize her in his eager, trembling arms.

But Daphne, quivering with maiden-fear,

And kindling to her locks with maiden-shame,

Sprang forward, too, adown the flowering glen,—

A sun-ray o'er the mountain-shadowed vale.

Swift as the wind, she darted from his grasp,

And fled from him, while he pursued her form,

And followed her adown the shadowed vale,

All through the flowering glen, as swift as light.

Forward impelled, her quick feet winged by fear,

Her tresses blown around her blushing face,
Her rosy feet scarce brushing from the grass
The filmy dew-drop that there lightly hung;
Her sea-blue eyes wet with a mist of tears,
Her mouth half-oped, like a pomegranate cleft,
Panting, with heaving breast and wearying
feet,
She sprang and fled through shadow and
through shine.

And quickly after her the glorious god,
His large eyes lustrous, longing-full of love,
Upon his back the glittering silver bow,
Within his hand the magic golden harp,
And round his brow the halo of sun-rays,—
Swift darted through the shadow and the shine.
So these two flee. She cries, “Oh, help me,
Jove !

Help me, oh, chaste Diana, whom I love;
Save me and help me!” While he loudly cries,
“Oh, why dost flee so swiftly, Daphne fair?
Jove is my father, and the sovereign lord
Am I of Delphos and of Tenedos,
The god of the bright sun, the god of song.
Hold! I will glorify thy days with light,
And I will woo thee with my sweetest song.”
But still she flees, nor listens to his plaint.
He nears her now, he gains upon her steps,
Love, ardent, hopeful, doth outrun Despair.
More near, more near, he touches her at last,

His breath is on her cheek and on her hair;
Her trembling limbs scarce hold her on the earth,
But that his arm supports her drooping form.
“ Oh, help me, Peneus, Dian ! ” loud she cries.
And suddenly all rigid doth she grow ;
A tender bark surrounds her heaving breast,
Her flowing hair becomes fair laurel leaves,
Her arms are branches, and her face hath gone,
And beauty, now, is all of her that’s left.
Apollo kisses oft the shrinking bark,
Caressing the fair, tender trembling leaves,
And cries, “ Thou shalt be evermore my crown,
And thy green leaf shall never know decay.”
So saying, on the yielding branches fair,
He hangs his silver bow and golden harp,
And each leaf flutters as it murmurs thanks.

February 12th, 1866.

BERTHA.

"ON A TOUJOURS SOUFFERT, OU BIEN ON SOUFFRIRA."

BERTHA.

“On a toujours souffert, ou bien on souffrira.” — *Victor Hugo.*

SWEET BERTHA, daughter of mild Con-radin,

The heiress of the merry Burgundy,—
The noblest of the daughters of proud France,
The fairest of the daughters of the earth,
The purest of the children of the Lord,—
And Robert, king, and suzerain of all
The rich, broad acres of the fruitful France,—
King Robert, whose right noble blood made
king,

Saint Robert, whose right noble heart made
saint,

Thus crowned twice king before his God and
man,—

Sweet Bertha and King Robert slowly rode
Unto the royal chapel, to be wed.

A lovely, sunny summer-day it was;
The azure sky was flecked with snow-white
clouds,

The em'rald carpet of the meadows fair
Was sprinkled o'er with dandelions bright,
Like coins of gold upon a velvet robe.
Beside each winding stream that purled along,
The violets low drooped, all wet with dew,
Like sparkling amethysts set round with pearls.
The trees bent o'er the monarch and his bride,
And shed their gifts of jewels,—drops of dew,
That in the leaves and on the grass were em'-
ralds ;
And in the blue forget-me-nots were sapphires ;
And in the lily, pearls and opals pure ;
And in the crimson rose-bud, rubies bright ;
And in the constant sun-flower, beads of gold ;
And each one, in the air, a diamond.
And evermore, as forward the gay train
Wound through the curving pathways of the
wood,
Above their heads the tender leaflets played,
And made them ride in sun and shadow on,
And then, again, in shadow and in sun,
So that the lovely Bertha now seemed crowned
With brightest circlet of the sun's own rays ;
And now, again, she seemed all dark and sad.
Yet dark and sad she was not, for her heart
Was full of gladness and of joy and love,
And beat in answer to that royal one
That throbbed beside her, each heart-throb for
her.

Oh, fair she was, as thus she rode along
Upon her snowy palfrey, by the steed
Of deepest black, of him her monarch-love.
Her long fair hair fell o'er her shoulders pure
In golden waves, e'en as the yellow grain,
When whispered to, and wooed by summer airs,
Doth thrill and tremble over all the field,
And bend and droop in luxury of joy.
Her blue eyes, darkly shadowed o'er and fringed
By lashes long, were soft and brightly gay,
And all her smiles seemed centred in their
depths.

But when she looked upon her noble lord
They melted into tenderness and love,
And all their brightness sparkled fairer still
Behind a misty veil of happy tears,
Like dew upon the sunlit violet.
And fit for royal bride her garments were:
A spotless mantle of white samite fell
In folds adown from the still whiter neck,
That seemed enfettered by a chain of pearls.
And all her robe was broidered o'er with pearls;
And on her head, from out the tresses fair,
They here and there peered forth half modestly,
As though they dared not and they could not
shine

Beside that wealth of waving, molten gold.
And noble and right royal seemed the king,
With darkest chestnut locks and flashing eye,

And with his stately form, all robed around
In richest purple, broidered o'er with gold ;
And with the circle winding round his head,
That crowned him king of all the people's
lands ;

And with the halo, seen by God alone,
That crowned him king of all the people's
hearts.

So thus they rode on, through the forest's
paths,

The monarch and his bride, and that long train
That followed to the music of gay bells
And merry flutes and clashing cymbals loud,
That hushed the voices of the startled birds ;
The winding train of nobles and of lords,
The proudest and the bravest youths of France,
All clothed in scarlet, and in blue and white,
And richest hues, in sportive dalliance with
The queenly dames of good King Robert's court.
There rode the brave Gerbert, but wedded late
To lovely Ermengarde, beside him now.

There, too, the princely Otho, proud and cold ;
And there his sister, gentle Adela ;
And gay Guyenne, and Poictou, and Provence ;
And all the far-famed knights of noble blood,
Each with his bride or sister by his side.

And so they rode with pomp and rich display
On through the quiet greenwood to the church,
And woke the echoes with their merry sounds.

At length they reach the chapel, where they
pause;

And now they enter through the sacred door
The holy temple, where the dazzling sun
Striketh the stainèd windows into flame,
And lighteth all the crimson tapestry,
And maketh all the incense, rising up
From silver vessels, like a mist of gold.

There stood the Bishops in their robes of state,
And there the great Archbishop with the cross
Before him, carried by a youthful page,
And bearing on his breast the snowy band,
The scapulary long, his order's sign.
Then, as the royal couple drew anear,
He rose and blessed them, giving to the bride
The circling crown that made them King and
Queen;

While Robert gave to her the circling ring
Of ruddy gold, that made them man and wife.
And then the nobles fell upon their knee,
And swore, by all most sacred and most dear,
Life-long allegiance of their hearts and hands
To Bertha, *cousin of their own good King*;
To Bertha, heiress of rich Burgundy;
To Bertha, now anointed Queen of France.
And then, arising from the bended knee,
They shouted “*Noël!*” till the vaulted roof
Reëchoed with their cries of happiness.

And now they turned to leave the sacred walls,—

Fair Bertha leaning on the King's strong arm,
With all the stream of light full on her brow,
And with the golden crown upon her head.

*Queen Bertha, now, the chosen wife of him
Her royal sovereign, and her heart's dear lord.*
But ere they reached the door a dark gray cloud

Passed o'er the sun, and all the church grew dim.

And when again the sun's bright rays shone forth,

They pierced the painted window up above
The great tall altar, with its waxen lights,
And hangings, and Madonnas, and they threw
Upon the floor the altar's shadow there,
Right at Queen Bertha's feet, who, walking on
All modestly, her lovely eyes downcast,
Started and paled, and trembling felt her heart
With one great throb upheave within her breast,

While from her lips escaped a choking sob,
Like the last murmur of the swollen wave,
When, after sudden storm, with one low moan,
It lessens, breaks, and dies upon the beach.

And Robert questioned her, his trembling queen,
And asked her what she feared when by his side.

But as he bent, his eyes fell on the ground,
And at their feet, he saw the shadow dark
Of the high altar's top, all draped around
In cloth, and wreathèd for their wedding-day,
And lo! the shade was as a coffin formed.
He started and recoiled, and all the blood
Forsook his cheek and trembling lip; but then,
Recalling her his Queen, who now did lean
On him alone for comfort and support,—
As she would lean through life,— he boldly
passed,
And murmured, “Bertha, oh, my queenly bride,
’T is nought, and we will cast such omens by,
Nor heed them, for our happy days are near.
The coffin doth but bury all the fears
And trials of our love; it is a sign
That all our sorrow’s dead, and a new life
This day begins. And even though it seem
The shadow of a coffin, what of that?
We know it is the shadow of a *shrine*.”
Thus tenderly and loving spoke the King,
And brought the color back to Bertha’s cheek;
But he, too, trembled at the omen dread.
Then each one of the train the shadow crossed,
And murmurings and whispers passed around.
“Unlucky augury,”—“our poor young Queen
Must step on *this* upon her wedding-day.”
And all the gentle dames sweet pity felt,
And all the youths swore to themselves again,

To stand by her, their Queen, now come what might.

Right glad was Bertha when they stood once more

Out in the cool, fresh summer-morning's air,
And when, remounting all their waiting steeds,
They rode again unto the palace gates.

Full merry, on that lovely summer-day,
Was the proud palace of the King of France.
Through spacious halls gay music sounded loud,
And flowers, wreathed and braided, spread perfume

In each wide chamber. Stately youths at once,
With graceful dames, began the waving dance.
In sooth it was a rich and gorgeous scene.

The noble courtiers, in their costly robes,
Their brilliant precious jewels flashing forth ;
The dames in robes of satin and of silk,
Of samite and of velvet, broidered o'er
With traceries of flowers and of leaves,
In golden thread, or in bright sparkling gems,
That writhed and wandered o'er the floating
robes,

And wove themselves in wondrous forms and
shapes.

And all the walls were draped with tapestry ;
And woven in were pictures of the deeds
Of Hugh Capet, the father of the King.

And there, upon the great high royal throne,
Was gentle Bertha, in her queenly robes,
With him, her noble Robert, by her side.
And while they thus sat there Queen Bertha
thought

No more of that strange omen in the church;
And Robert now, with her, forgot it too,
When looking in the depths of those blue eyes,
Or at the golden waves of that fair hair.

For ten long days the feasting lasted thus
Beneath the palace roof, until the Queen
Looked hopefully for ever happy days,
And saw the distant Future's heavy mist
Become a golden haze, and all its light
Streamed backwards on the joyful Present, too,
Illuming it with tender radiance.

For ten long days, the land rejoicing, seemed
As though the horn of plenty had let fall
Its contents on the happy fields below.
And ruby, amethyst, and amber wines,
Were drained from foaming flagons to the
King

And to his lovely Queen; and boards were
spread

With juicy meats, and blushing peaches ripe,
And golden-purple grapes in clusters fair,
And all the fruits that bless the fruitful France,
All at the generous bidding of the King.
At length the feasting and the joys were o'er,

And quiet reigned throughout the land again.
And Robert ruled with gentleness and love,
And Bertha moved him unto deeds of peace,
And doubly blest was France now in her King
And in her Queen, for all was happiness.
No foreign wars, no harvests poor and scant ;
No wars intestine, and no armed revolt ;
No robberies, no murders fierce and wild ;
But peace and plenty all throughout the land,
And gentle laws obeyed ; until, at last,
The royal sceptre seemed the magic wand
Of some kind fairy working for the good
Of each and all.

Ay, those were happy days,
Those first, sweet, golden summer-days of love,
When both could pluck its full, fair-blooming
flower,
Before Life's darksome blight had fallen there.
And Bertha moved about the palace, then,
All proud and joyful ; proud that she should be
The kinswoman of one so good and great ;
The Queen of such a happy, fertile land ;
The Queen of such a great and noble heart.
And Robert was the soul of all her joy ;—
Her love and hopes and dreams were twined
about
His noble heart, and there would cling through
sun

Or storm, e'en as the ivy round the oak
Doth cling through summer heats and wintry
blasts,
And parts not till the oak itself doth fall.
He was the sun that lighted all her life,
And any cloud of fear that flitted past
Upon her azure sky, he gilded fair,
And even could transform it to a hope,
And all her tears became as rainbows bright,
When she was smiled upon by him. And she,
For Robert, was the moon, that softens all
With its pure, mystic rays; and in his life
The rugged, hard, and rocky pathways made
All soft and beautiful and silvery
With her sweet tender light. She led him on
With words of love, e'en as the queenly moon
Binds with her silver chains, so marvellous,
Old foaming Ocean, while she sheds her light
Upon his swelling and upheaving breast,
And soothes him thus to peace and quietness.
For Robert did Queen Bertha love each scene
Of Nature that with him she gazed upon.
She loved the gentle-drooping flowers fair,
Because they spread for him their perfumes
sweet;
She loved the singing-birds, because she
dreamed
For him alone they poured so wildly forth
The madness of their tender melody;

For him, she loved the night-skies with their
 gems,

The sapphire Jupiter, and ruby Mars,
And opal Venus, and the diamond Moon,
And all the pearly planets' softened gleam.
And she would say that Heaven's coronet
 Of stars was fair and varied, too, as Earth's
 Bright, girdling zone of flowers. So she loved
All these for him, and him above them all.

And then, from out the ladies of her train,
Did Bertha choose the gentlest for a friend.
The sweet Gisèle, a maiden pure and chaste,
With cheek as fair as is the blushing snow
Upon the mountain-top when kissed by Dawn,
And eyes as blue as the forget-me-not.
E'er faithful was Gisèle unto the Queen,
Though she was wooed by brave young Adal-
 bert,

The noblest of the King's own gentlemen.
She would not wed him, so she loved the
 Queen,

Whose followers must all be maidens pure.
So, day by day, she put off Adalbert,
Who waited all impatiently, until
She promised him that after two short
 months,—

Upon the feast of good Saint Valery,
Then would she wed with him, her chosen love.

Ah, why are, evermore, the heavy folds
Of the dark Future's veil so dense that Man,
All blinded, tries in vain to pierce through
them,

But must go groping on in darkness e'er,
And see the veil recede before his steps,
Still hiding all the morrow, till, at last,
Upon Death's dawn, it riseth up for aye,
Revealing to his dazzled sight that world
Where there are no more morrows, with their
cares,

But all is one eternal, happy Now !

All joyfully and merry passed the time,
Until, one day, a Legate from the Pope —
The stern Fifth Gregory — arrived in France,
And none could guess his mission to the King,
For suddenly, and with no state he came;
And craving audience of Robert, then
He gave to him the orders of the Pope, —
To meet with all the clergy and the peers,
And high-born dames, and nobles of the realm,
In the great Hall of State, the morrow morn,
To listen there unto the Pope's commands,
That he, his Legate, would disclose to all.
This summons was proclaimed abroad to each
In Robert's noble court, and he, the King,
And Bertha, too, prepared themselves at once
The council to attend, yet not without

Some fear and trembling in his pious heart,
The King thought o'er the summons all the day,

Repeating, "I have done naught to offend
The Holy Father of the Church, and should
He wish now to enrich the Holy See,
A castle or a province e'en of mine,
In due obedience I shall comply."

And then he searched the records of his deeds,
And all of them in memory reviewed,
And read again the tablet of each day ;
And though he naught could find of sinful
there,

Yet did this strange and sudden order now,
Disturb him all that anxious day and night.
And Bertha trembled at this message strange
From Gregory, the all-puissant Pope,
And dreaded that some great mishap would
chance.

So all day long she pondered it, but spoke
No word unto King Robert of her fears.
And in the gloomy darkness of the night
Strange troublous dreams did flit about her
couch,

And wake her often with a sudden start ;
Till late, near dawn, she fell asleep once more
In an unquiet slumber, and she dreamed
That she and Robert stood again, as on
Their marriage-day, within the royal church,

As though they were to wed. But in the place
Of bishops, and of knights, and peers, and
dames,

Were strange-robed creatures seated all around,
Of which she naught could see save mantles
black

About their shapes. The crown was on her
head,

And in her hand the ring King Robert gave;
But stern, cold Leon, the Pope's Legate, stood
In the Archbishop's place, and tried to tear
The ring and crown away; and suddenly
The mantles fell from off the creatures' forms,
Revealing each a skeleton, while she
Stood there alone with them upon that ground,
That seemed all covered o'er with coffins now.
Then looking down the church-aisle, which ap-
peared

So long she scarce could follow it, she saw,
Far, far away, the King, who fled from her.
And then she cried aloud, and, waking, found
The golden light of day full on her face,
And Robert bending over her with love.

“My Queen, awake!” cried he; “thou hast
been vexed

With dreary visions, such as haunted me.
For, in the night, I thought I saw the Pope,
Who tried to part us. Thrice I dreamt that
dream,

And then I woke, and would not sleep again.
But come, arise. To-day we must go forth
Into the Chamber, there to hearken to
The Pope's commands. What care I should he
take

My castles or my provinces away?
Thou art the brightest and most precious gem
I own, my Queen, and thee he cannot take,
My noble and my lawful-wedded wife."

Queen Bertha trembled, but she did not tell
Her dream, and soothed the King with loving
words;

And he calmed her with tenderness, until
They parted to prepare them for the day.

All now was ready in the Hall of State.
The King and Queen, in royal purple, sat
Upon the throne within the Hall. The King
Seemed cold, but gentle as he ever was,
And calm and full of dignity he sat.
But Bertha looked all weak and drooping yet,
As though she suffered from her weary night.
Her blue eyes shone more darkly, and her
cheek

Had even lost the delicate, pale rose,
That there was wont to blush. The mantle
long,

Of gorgeous purple, with its heavy folds,
And with its ermine edge, but made more fair

The spotless whiteness of her swanlike neck,
Where from her snowy shoulders low it drooped,
Disclosing the pure robe of white beneath,
With all its winding traceries of pearls.
Around the Hall were grouped King Robert's
court,

And all the Bishops with their sable robes.
And at the end of that long Chamber, there,
Upon his seat upraised, the Legate sat,
Robed in his long and flowing purple stole,
While on his bosom shone the silver cross,
The token of his rank and mission there;
And in his hand he held the long white scroll,
Wherfrom to read the orders of the Pope.
Then all was hushed in the assembly vast,
And Robert waved his royal sceptre twice,
As sign to Leon that he should begin;
And Leon read the Bull of Gregory,
And each word, calm and clear, fell on the air,
In the forced silence of a multitude,
With solemn, dread significance to all,
And sank within the hearts of those who heard,
Like a sharp stone that ruffles all a pool,
And sinks forever low within its bed.

“I, Gregory the Fifth, the Pope of Rome,
Invested, by a Providence divine,
With this most holy and most sacred charge,
Proclaim through Leon, Legate unto France,

My orders, in the interests of the Church,
The blessed mother of mankind on earth.
Unholy is it for all those to wed
Who are already in the blood allied,
And those who at the font of baptism have
E'er stood as sponsors for the self-same child ;
And, as King Robert, sovereign of all France,
Is thus allied with Bertha, now his Queen,
I here proclaim the marriage of these two
Unlawful and unholy, and command
Them now to separate before all men,
As they are separate in the sight of God.”

He ceased, and o'er the whole assembly ran
A shudder, e'en as when the wintry wind
Doth touch one little swelling ocean-wave,
Which flows and passes it along the breast
Of the whole sea, and all is wild unrest.
Queen Bertha, though the mantling blood first
rushed
In dark'ning current to her cheeks, then fled
Back to her heart, and left her paler still,
Yet looked she stately, proud, and resolute,
Nor spoke, but moved more near unto the King.
And when he saw that form beside his own,
And that warm, golden hair so near his cheek,
And that small lily hand upon his robe,
He felt her weakness give him strength anew,
And list'ning to the dictates of his heart,

He answered thus the Pope's ambassador:—
“To Gregory the Fifth, the Pope of Rome,
Bear thou this answer back, from me, the King,
The second Robert, suzerain of France.
Upon me hath no earthly power bestowed
The treasure that he asks me. God alone
Gave me my Queen; from Him I hold her now,
In His name will I keep her evermore,
In His name will I guard her from all ill,
In His name is she mine, and mine alone,
And I will yield her only unto Death,
The messenger divine from Him to me,
When she will go where I can follow her.”
Thus spake the King, and Leon stood aghast,
That he, the Monarch-Saint, should dare the
Pope,

And thus defy his solemn, stern commands.
But not a word he uttered. Then arose
Queen Bertha, who addressed him from the
throne:—

“Go, tell thy Holy Master Gregory,
That in submission I acknowledge him
Our sacred Father, wedded to the Church;
But with his mighty power bid him, first,
Unbind the surging Ocean's silver chains,
That coil around him from the moon on high.
Or bid him part the rainbow from the air,
Or from the mighty thunder-cloud in heaven
Tear the gold bolt that dwells within its folds,

Ere he essays to part two tender hearts,
When once they 're bound with subtle chains
 of love,
When once they 're joined by Joy's bright rain-
 bow arch,
When once the golden shaft of Love lies deep
In the dark chambers, making all their light.
O nobles, and ye gentle knights of France,
Ye who have sworn to aid us with the strength
Of your strong hands, and your still stronger
 hearts,
Desert us not, in this our darkest hour,
But make around your sovereign and his queen
A bulwark for their love, with all your might.
And, Leon, may the sad tears of a wife
Now move and touch your heart despite your-
 self,
And bring sweet flowers of tender pity forth,
As falling rain-drops soften the hard earth.
Oh, go fall down low at your master's feet,
And pray to him for us as you would pray
For your own heart's dear mistress. Then, if
 you
Have ever felt the gentle thrall of love
Binding your life, oh, bid him part us not!
If you have whispered in the summer night
Sweet loving words unto a loving heart,
Recall such words, and let them prompt you,
 then,

To soften him, and bid him part us not !
But no ! I need not to a mortal pray,
For we are joined forever by our God ;
Let no man sunder what is joined by Him.”
She stood upon the throne all pale and proud,
A Queen indeed before her subjects there ;
But looking round upon the multitude,
A crimson blush suffused her pallid cheek,
And low she sank again beside the King,
A *Woman* all unqueened. And then arose
The cry of many voices in the hall,—
“ Long live King Robert and his noble Queen !
All hail to royal Bertha, Queen of France ! ”
The cry arose, and swelled anon, until
A mighty shout, but died away again
As sudden as it rose, and all was still
As the wild blasts of moaning winds die out,
And all is silent in the wintry air.
Then, when the hush had fallen on the Hall,
Again the Legate, Leon, calm and cold,
Drew forth a scroll, and, rising, spoke once
more,
And slow and solemn were the chilling words :

“ I, Gregory the Fifth, the Pope of Rome,
Invested by a Providence divine
With this most holy and most sacred charge,
Proclaim, through Leon, Legate unto France,
My orders, in the interest of the Church,

The blessed Mother of mankind on earth.
From intercourse with all good Christian souls,
Who worship faithfully their God above,
And here on earth the holy Church of Rome,
I excommunicate the King of France,
This Robert and his most unlawful Queen;
And blessed are all those who disobey
His orders from this day, for I absolve
His subjects from allegiance unto him,
And under interdict his kingdom lies,
A forfeit to the holy See of Rome.
No bells shall sound, no burial take place,
No rites now of religion be performed,
But mourning will be over all the land,
And it shall lie beneath the curse of God."

Then all was hushed again at these dread words,
And then the King: "We will not part in life,
And after death a Mightier will judge."
Then Bertha, too, essayed to answer him;—
But suddenly her falter'ing voice did break,
And die away in one long anguished sob,
Though not a tear fell from the proud blue eyes.

Then Leon, once again: "All in this hall
Who honor and obey the Holy Pope,
Will leave at once, before their souls be lost,
The presence of these two who brave him thus."

Then, at the words, the bishops first arose,
And then the dames, and then the noble
knights,
Who would have given up their lives for her,
Their royal Queen, but dared not give their
souls.

Then Leon followed them with solemn pace,
And left King Robert and his Queen alone.
All mournfully did Bertha watch each form
That passed from out the hall, as though she
hoped

That some at least would stay beside the throne;
And thus she saw evanish from her sight
Her joy, her hope, her glory, and her pride,
And naught was left with her but grief and
love.

Then turning toward the King, all pale and
sad,

She burst forth in a flow of bitter tears,
That all the morn had welled up in her eyes,
And choked her throat, and that she had till
then,

With queenly dignity repressed. But now,
When looking round on the deserted hall,
She saw not one leal follower remain,
She let them start forth from her aching eyes,
And, passionately weeping, mourned aloud.

“What! are none left to comfort their sad
King?

O Robert, Robert, curse me where I stand,
Thou, who erewhile, wast lord of blooming
France,

And who hast lost a kingdom now for me !
Thou who to me, thy happy bride, gave all,—
A seat upon thy throne, thy palace proud,
For my own home, and, more than all, thy
heart.

How have I now repaid thee, O my King !
I 've torn the golden crown from off thy head,
Where it was wont to rest so royally ;
I 've seized the sceptre from thy kingly hands,
That swayed it to the noble impulses
Of thy great heart ! And now thou standest
there

Unkinged, with but the shadow of a crown ;
Unkinged, with but the ghost of thy dead
power,

And I have done it all ! Ay, more than this,
For me thou forfeitest thy place in heaven.

I 've brought thee fitting dowry for a bride !
All misery and sorrow on the earth,
And after death perdition ! Curse me now !

What words are these ? Nay, nay, oh, curse
me not,

For, Robert, I have loved thee all my days,
And even now I love thee more than life,
And I will love thee, O my King, till death.
My past and present, ay, and future too,

Are glorified and bright with love of thee.
So curse and hate me not, but pardon me;
And thou who know'st so well sweet Mercy's
art,

Forgive her now who ruined thee with love!"

And saying this, she knelt at Robert's feet,
And all her golden wealth of flowing hair
Swept o'er his kingly robe and brightened it,
Like sunshine on a bed of purple flowers.

And then the King raised up, all tenderly,
Her prostrate form, and soothingly caressed,
And spake unto her words of love and hope.

"Weep not for me," said he, "my noble Queen,
For I am happy in thy love, and hold
'T is more to be the monarch of thy heart
Than sovereign of the lands of all the world.
What matters it that all my courtiers now
Should thus desert me, and should leave me
here?

I care not so they leave me but with *thee*.
And weep not, Bertha, for my soul, for heaven,
Without thee, were a hell, and hell itself,
With thee, were heaven,—no, we ne'er shall
part;

But I shall bless thee for thy constant love,
And thank all those who leave me thus with
thee,

To prove thy heart as faithful and as true
As theirs are fickle, worldly, false, and vain."

Then Bertha rose and blessed her noble King,
But, sighing, looked around the hall once more,
And said, "Oh, is there not one faithful soul
Who loves us and would ne'er abandon us,
Recalling all thy generous deeds, my King,
And all our happy days of peace and love?"

"Ay, there are two such souls," a voice then
cried;

And from behind the waving tapestry
There stepped a goodly knight and gentle maid,
And Bertha knew Gisèle and Adalbert.

"Pardon!" cried they, and fell upon the
ground

Before the King and Queen. Then Adalbert:
"We offer at your feet two constant hearts,
That love and reverence, through gloom and
night,

As they have loved through sunlight and
through joy."

"Arise," cried Robert; "'t is a happy night
That bringeth stars of such pure brightness
forth."

And Bertha fell upon her fond Gisèle
And wept, and thanked her for her noble love,
And called her gentle sister and sweet friend.
"Now am I rich indeed!" then cried the
King,

The sovereign proud of two such generous
hearts,

Who thus will serve me in my darkest hour,
And blest and glorified with such a love
As queenly Bertha, my true wife bestows.”
Then Bertha rose, and walking with Gisèle,
And followed by the King and Adalbert,
She traversed all the lone deserted hall,
And went into her vacant palace home.

O Constancy, thou precious jewel fair !
Thou art a pearl, born low beneath the waves,
That shrinketh modestly from human eyes,
As doth the violet on earth. Unknown
Thou bloomest there till chance revealeth thee.
And when all other gems corrupt and fade,
Thou only changest to become more bright,
Transformed into the brilliant opal fair,
That gleams more beautiful in each new light.

A deathlike silence reigned within the halls
Of Robert, King of France. No busy feet
Crossed the long corridors’ deserted floors ;
Within the chambers was no sound e’er heard,
And none were ever seen beneath the roof,
Save Robert and Queen Bertha, and those two
Who still were faithful to their King and
Queen.

Then all the land was hushed and deathlike,
too,
And none approached the monarch and his
Queen ;

And if, perchance, in their full lonely walks,
They met some passenger belated there,
He quickly crossed himself and turned away,
And fled, as though there were pollution in
The very sight of such accursed souls.

No bells tolled forth the requiem for the dead,
No bells pealed forth the merry marriage sound,
And no religious rites were e'er performed,
Save christening of little new-born babes,
All innocent of Robert's crime, and prayers
For dying ones, at death-beds offered up ;
While every church and every crucifix
Were draped around in deepest folds of black.
And Bertha and King Robert found no face
Of friendly man or woman round them now,
But naught could see save their own shadows
dark,

That now did follow, now precede their steps ;
And naught could hear, save that full mourn-
ful sound,

The echo of their voices in the halls.

Then truly and with all their hearts they
loved,—

A love made chaste and pure afar from men,
A love all sanctified by Sorrow's breath,
A love that filled up all their hearts and souls,
And took the place of every earthly joy.
And Robert, thus, did e'en more royal seem,
For now he wore an air of dignity,

All proud and natural, with no outward sign
Of sceptre or of golden coronet,
But born of native dignity of heart,
That proved him kingly in his soul. But she,
His Queen, grew day by day more pale and
weak,

And on her pallid cheek the blood, at times,
Would flush and burn, then quickly fade away,
Like to the dying flashes of a lamp,
And leave her as though each gleam were the
last.

And then, despite of Robert's tender love,
Despite of all his anxious cares for her,
She drooped and paled, and grew each day
more weak;

And in her eyes appeared a strange new light,
As though the soul gleamed through before it
fled.

One day, while Robert gently spoke with her,
She sigh'd, and suddenly she swooned away,
All white and deathlike, in King Robert's arms.
And he bent over her, and wooed her, then,
With sweet caresses and with gentle love,
And chafed the little lily hand again,
And burned with ardent kisses cheek and
mouth,

And rained his tears upon the golden hair,
As though he would impart his own young life
Unto that frail and drooping, soulless frame.

But naught availed, and loud he cried for aid,
And then Gisèle came in, with Adalbert,
And to her chamber did they bear the Queen,
Who lay there in a long and quiet trance,
Nor once raised up the fringed curtains white
Of those blue eyes, nor once essayed to ope
The two pale lips, so fast enlocked in sleep;
But all the while she lay there, cold and still,
Forgetful of the Present's misery,
Forgetful of the Past's glad happy hours,
Forgetful of the Future's joyous hopes,
Now dead to grief and joy alike. It seemed
As though, within the volume of her life,
The hand that wrote the passions and the woes
For each day, had forgotten all these hours,
And left them blank. Then, in those days, the
King

Did wander sadly through his palace-halls,
Now doubly desolate, for sweet Gisèle,
Through Adalbert, had warned him not to
come

Anear the Queen as in her trance she lay,
For fear lest he might wake her suddenly,
And make her pass into the deeper sleep
Of death. So all the time he wept alone;
And then he mourned, and then fell down and
prayed,

In agony of grief and penitence.

He saw the shadow of her death arise *

And darken all his days, and in the gloom
He felt the hand of God upon his head,
That did not bless him with a soothing love,
Nor press his brow in sorrow for his sin,
But bore him down, then, with the dire weight
Of chastisement and anger. Then he moaned,
And with a bitter, vain regret, too late
He wept that he had brought such blooming
youth,
And such a wealth of love, such rich young
life,
And such bright, dazzling beauty, ere their
time,
Unto the dark and gloomy night of death.
It was as if a softly flowing stream,
That purled along its course of happiness,
And wound its way through groves and flow'ry
meads,
Toward that great Ocean where all streams are
lost,
Should suddenly, in happy, peaceful flow,
Be stopped forever by a frowning rock ;
And, further on, the field should nevermore
By rippling stream be freshened, and no more
The air be gladdened with its joyful song,
But over all the rock its shadow cast.
Then Robert felt that all his heaven had erst
Smiled forth from out the depths of those blue
eyes,

And when their light was clouded all was blank.
And only once he caught a passing glimpse,
Through the oped curtains of the chamber-door,
Of the pale, sleeping face of her he loved,
With all its golden frame of sunny hair,
That made it seem the portrait of some saint,
And not the once-glad Bertha lying thus;—
A saint, indeed, all heavenly and cold,
But wanting that rich earthly tint, that proved
Her all his own, and not a spirit pure,
Too chaste and too serene for mortal love.
All motionless and cold she slumbered now,
Like the Greek artist's statue, that he loved
For its proud beauty, ere the gods endued
Its form, in answer to his prayers, with life.
And when the King beheld his lovely bride,
So pale and still and deathlike lying there,
Half maddened with its cold and sweet repose,
He rushed back to his chamber once again,
And cursed himself, and wept and prayed for
her.

Then, while Queen Bertha all unconscious lay,
She bore the King a child, a little Prince;
And when she woke again she found it there,
Beside her on her couch, and then she asked
Gisèle what this fair child did there, and whose
It was; for she remembered naught of all
The pangs that wracked, erewhile, her tortured
frame.

And when Gisèle replied, “It is your own,”
Then suddenly she felt the mother-love
Arise and swell within her gentle heart,
E’en as the precious water swelled and burst
From Meribah, when Moses smote the rock ;
And with a tender, happy smile, that gleamed
Through a glad flow of sudden, grateful tears,—
A sun-bow through the rain,—she seized the
child,

And pressed it close unto her bosom fair,
And fondled it, and bent above its form,
And kissed it with such passionate delight,
That sweet Gisèle did tremble lest this joy
Should prove too much for her faint, drooping
frame,

And half essayed to take from her the child ;
But Bertha pressed it closer to her breast,
Nor would entrust it unto other hands.

“ Oh, now,” cried she, “ I can repay my lord,
My noble King, for all his love to me ;
And now these little hands will smooth for him
The paths of life. This rose will make amends
For all the thorns, and this sweet angel-face
Will brighten up once more the dreary road
That I have made so dark. Oh, when the
tones,

All full of music, of this feeble voice,
Can speak to France with simple, touching
words,

They 'll plead for us, and win the people's love.
And now, come robe me in my richest robe,
For I will go unto my lord the King,
To bear myself this little infant prince
Unto his arms, and bid him love my child
For my sake and its own." "Nay," cried
Gisèle;

" You yet are far too weak and faint to rise;
Myself will bear your child unto the King."
And then the Queen essayed to rise, and prove
That she was strong and well, but, fainting,
fell

Upon her couch once more. " I cannot go,"
She sighed, all sadly smiling through her tears;
" But since I cannot, go thou, bid a priest
Come bless my child, and he can bear for me,
Unto its royal father, my sweet babe."

PART SECOND.

ANEAR the palace of the King of France
Arose the monastery's gloomy walls,
That grimly frowned upon the passers-by.
Without could naught be seen save windows
barred,
And drawbridge and deep moat, like castle
strong
Of some great baron; but within the walls
Was the fair chapel with its altar tall,
All covered with Madonnas, strangely carved
In precious wood or cut in marble white,
And hung with costly jewels and bright gold,
The gifts of pious nobles to the Church.
Unto the preacher's desk was firm attached,
By a short silver chain, the Book of God,
With velvet cover, broidered o'er in gold,
And written on rich vellum of all tints;
While on the margin wide of every page
Were pictures of the saints and holy men.
The chapel walls around were tapestried

With heavy hangings, all embroidered rich
With deeds of saints, of martyrs, and of Popes,
And costly ornaments were strewed around.
Here lay a silver vase with incense filled,
And there a golden, holding precious drops
Of brackish water from the Holy Land,
By some good pious pilgrim brought to France.
Beside the chapel was the Council Room,
Where met the Brothers, to decide upon
Some weighty question on occasions grave.
Of flowered damask was the Abbot's chair,
All framed in ebony, carved curious,
And raised upon broad steps of marble pure.
Here, too, appeared the gifts of pious men,
And sacred reliques from far distant shrines ;
For at his death, to expiate his sins,
Each noble deemed he should endow the Church,
And of all orders there was none so dear
As this, "The Monks of good Saint Augustine."
Helgaut, the Abbot, was a frowning man,
With fierce, cold, gleaming eyes, e'er glitt'ring
forth
From out the shadow of his darksome cowl.
Stern, grasping, and severe, 't was said of him,
He had himself outlived his icy heart,
And all the monks did tremble 'neath his rule.
Yet some of these were jolly-humored souls,
Who, faring well from out the vessels rich
Of the old monastery, bore its ills

Right patiently, and all the laws obeyed.
While others, still, in all, their abbot grave
Did imitate, and worship as a saint.

Such was the monastery near the King,
When, in the black and stormy night in which
Queen Bertha to her infant Prince gave birth,
Above the thunder's roar and beating rain
Was heard a knock upon the outer gate,
Prolonged and loud; and when the doors were
oped

And drawbridge raised, within the gloomy night
No sign of man or woman could be seen;
But, looking down, the monks espied a child
Upon the threshold of the portal tall.
Then hastily they bore the infant in
Unto the light, and found it all deformed,
A monster hateful to the eye of man,
That stared around unmeaningly and strange.
The priests recoiled before the horrid sight,
And, with one voice, proposed to throw the
child

Into the moat around the outer wall.
But here a tender-hearted monk advanced,
And said, "Alas! the child's deserted now
By all of human kind. 'T is sadly cursed,
And monstrously malformed, but what of that?
O brethren, in the bitter hour of death
Our sinning souls may seem deformed and dark

And hateful to the eye of God, as now
This child doth seem to us. Forget ye not
The Leper, touched by a far greater hand,
But prove that this poor child, although by
man

Abandoned, shall be saved in God's own house.
Then let us bear it to the Abbot good,
And pray that he will keep it in these walls,
And try to guard it from all further ill."

Thus spoke the good old Brother Innocent,
With such a tender pleading in his tones,
And such kind pity for the loathsome thing,
That all the monks were touched and bowed
their heads.

So Innocent then raised the hateful babe
And bore it to the Abbot, stern Helgaut,
Who, when he saw the infant horror there,
And heard the good monk, Brother Innocent,
Thus beg him for its life with tender words,
Cried forth, as though his heart were softened
too,

"Although I cannot bear to have this child
Within these sacred walls, yet still, for thee
I'll shelter it this night, and in the morn
We all will meet within the Council Room,
And there decide upon its future fate."

The good old Innocent, with grateful heart,
Low to the Abbot bowed, and bore the child
Again within his arms unto his cell,

His own small chamber, and he left it there.
And though his sight with loathing turned
from it,
Yet, as a sacred duty, did he guard
The malformed infant, close anear his couch,
And with his prayers he blended prayers for it.

Gay morn arose, all fair and smiling bright,
As though unconscious of the night's wild
storm.

She came, and breathed forth light and hope
anew,
And with her glowing touch the curtains black
Of the dark night did part, and wove for them
A rich, bright-orange fringe. Then, while the
wheels

Of her gold chariot rolled o'er the sky,
All changed to glory and to light, and soon
A cloudless azure heaven smiled on France.
Then, too, the little droplets of the rain
Had in their heart a tiny golden sun,—
Reflection of the mighty one on high,—
And so they twinkled like a thousand eyes,
And peered from every bush and leafy shrub
And tree and flower, smiling merrily
To the great eye of day, the sun on high.

From early dawn, within the holy walls
Of the old monastery all was life;

And after the long worship of the morn
And early meal were o'er, the monks repaired
Unto the Council with the babe deformed.
The walls were now hung round in deepest
black,

That hid the gorgeous arras underneath ;
The crucifix in mourning, too, was veiled
At every hour, to remind the monks
Of Robert's sin, and Gregory's dread curse
Upon fair France, their wicked King's estate.
Then, when Helgaut God's blessing had invoked
Upon th' assembled monks, and prayed for
light

Within their souls, to see the better path,
And do His will upon the cursèd child,
The horrid thing deformed was brought before
The Council of the Priests, and all around
In silence waited for the Abbot's words.
But ere he spoke the hangings of the door
Were waved aside, and there appeared without
A menial, a lay-brother, who then craved
Admission of the Abbot for a maid
Coming with some grave message from the
Queen.

Helgaut, with haste, a mantle black threw o'er
The child beside him, and then bade the monk
Bring forth the maiden to his presence there.
The monk obeyed, and entered with Gisèle,
Still pale from nights of anxious watching late,

With delicate slight form, and white arms crossed

Upon her bosom, o'er her robe of black,
With step all firm, but eyes upon the ground,
A pale-pink blush suffusing the pure cheek.

Up the long aisle, between the gazing priests,
Gisèle advanced ; then, meekly bowing low,
She stood before the Abbot, nor dared speak
Until he bade her tell her mission there ;
And then, with womanly, low, thrilling voice :
“I come,” she said, “to ask you, in the name
Of Bertha, Queen of France, some holy priest
To bless her little new-born infant prince,
A lovely babe all innocent of sin.”

“A lovely babe,” the cruel Abbot thought ;
And then compared it with the child deformed
That lay concealed beside his chair of state.

And, suddenly, a thought flashed through his
brain,—

A fiendish thought,—and then he said aloud,
“ ’T is well, fair maid ! Myself will follow you
Unto the Queen, her little prince to bless,
And try to turn her from her sinful ways.” *

Then did he bid Gisèle await without,
And called a few most trusty priests to him,
And, whispering with them, he left the hall ;
Then, with Gisèle, he went unto the Queen.

Right glad was Bertha when she saw again

Another human face beneath her roof.

“Welcome!” she cried, “O reverend father here ;

I pray thee bless this little new-born babe,
And bear it to King Robert in thy arms,
And bid him bless it with a father’s love.”
But to her words the Abbot answered not,
And only murmured “Benedicite”

Over the innocent doomed babe, and took
Its passive form within his arms ; and then
Did Bertha bid farewell unto her child,
With one long kiss upon its angel brow,
The seal of all her new-born mother-love.

All solemnly Helgaut withdrew, and left
The chamber of the Queen, and then the hall,
And then essayed he not to find the King,
But stealthily he issued from the door,
And, bearing in his arms the infant prince,
Unseen he passed into the open air,
And wound his way unto the forest paths.

Right by the entrance of the wood there flowed
A little streamlet, narrow, and yet deep,
And over it the drooping grasses long
Made a green fringe, that hid it from the eye
Of the indifferent passer-by. But those
Who lived anear well knew the stream, and so
Helgaut crept slowly on until he reached

The deep blue waters of the little brook,
That looked as though a sapphire from heaven
Had fallen 'mid the emeralds of earth.
And there, all suddenly, the priest sank down
On one knee in the smooth, green, velvet turf
That carpeted the borders of the stream,
And, looking in the babe's soft azure eyes,
He smiled a cruel smile and dropped the child,
Like a pale rose-leaf, on the flowing waves.
But God's great gift of life already had
Grown dear, and so one feeble cry awoke
The sleeping echoes, but they died away,
And all was still. And then the babe arose
And floated dead upon the river's breast,
Like a white lily calmly on a lake.
Then hastily the Abbot seized again
The little body floating out of reach,
And, binding round its form a heavy stone,
He let it drop once more, and down it sank,
Stirring the ripples for its requiem.
The happy birds sang on their loving songs,
The azure sky smiled down upon the land,
The green leaves of the trees, far overhead,
Still seemed to weave a delicate, fine lace,
With mingling of their trembling branches fair
Against the blue of heaven, and still the stream
Flowed on all gurgling low beneath the rocks,
And soft between the grass-enlinèd banks,
In ripple, wave, and eddy flowed along,

And told not of that fragile burden small
That lay so far below, or, if it did,
It sang in such a tender, gentle tone,
That none could understand the words it spoke.

When all was quiet once again Helgaut
Arose and turned unto the old retreat,
The frowning monastery. Then, when he
Had passed the portal, with a mocking grace,
A "blessing on the inmates and the roof,"
He entered the great Council Hall again,
Where all the monks were still awaiting him,
And took his seat upon the chair of state.
"Most worthy, reverend brethren," said he
then,

"Ye know that by the sinful Queen, erewhile,
I was besought to bless her new-born babe,
And that, in answer to her call, I went.
I went, my brothers, and she gave to me
Her child to bear unto the wicked King;
Then knowing our Father Gregory,
The holy Pope's commands, and holding more
The welfare of the soul than life, I bore
The babe from out that atmosphere of sin,
And then I drowned it in the passing stream,
And prayed to God it might not be too late
To save its soul. And now we all can take
This monster to the King, and say it is
The fruit of sinning Bertha; then will he

Believe this is a judgment on his head,
And part from her at last; and Gregory,
The Father of us all, will then, perchance,
Reward our little service, and enrich
Our Order with some monastery new.

Then, too, we each will feel within our souls
That we have done what 's pleasing unto God,
And cleared from all pollution our vile King.

What say ye, O my brethren, unto this ? ”

He ceased, and suddenly the cry burst forth,
“ God bless our holy Abbot, good Helgaut,
And give him after death rich recompense
For all his pious deeds ! ” But Innocent
Alone, of all the monks, sighed low, and
groaned,

And cursed himself that he had saved the
child,

While down his cheeks there coursed two silent
tears.

Alas, poor little prince of one short night,
Whose death has caused such bitter tears to
flow,

Thy life has been more blessed than some more
long !

Then rose Helgaut and took the child deformed
Within his arms, and, with four other priests,
He bore it to the palace of the King,
And through the halls unto his chamber-door.

And then they entered all King Robert's room,
And found him praying, low upon his knees,
With fervor of devotion; but he rose
With mingled looks of gladness and surprise,
At seeing once again, within his court,
New faces strange, and bid them welcome there,
And asked them what their mission was with
him.

Then first advanced the stern Helgaut, and held
Within his arms the loathsome child deformed,
And said, "O King, we come to clear you now
Of all pollution, for we bring to you
A sign and proof that you offend your God
By living with your most unlawful Queen.
For while she lay unconscious in her trance
She bore a babe, and this child is her fruit!
Oh, pause awhile, and think upon your fate!
The awful Thousandth Year doth now approach
When all the world shall die, and Earth resolve
Once more into that chaos whence she sprang.
The Lord will now judge every secret thing,
And every secret work, howe'er concealed,
If good or evil. Oh, beware, beware!
Soon shall the silver cord, O King, be loosed,
The golden bowl be broken at the fount,
Man's flesh return to dust that erst it was,
Man's spirit to the God who gave it life.
For now the dreaded Thousandth Year is nigh,
And woe, O King, if thou dost disregard

This proof of God's just anger at thy deeds." And, saying this, he offered to the King The hateful infant; but the King drew back And groaned, and hid his face to see it not. "Away!" cried he; "oh, torture me not thus! I see, I see my own sin and my Queen's, But still I cannot think this thing is hers. Oh, see ye not the agony of mind That I have suffered, and that wracks me now? Oh, tell me, tell me that this is not hers!" "Nay, nay," replied Helgaut, "it is, in sooth, The offspring of your Queen, and we will swear, By all most sacred in this life or heaven, That it is hers." "Then swear," replied the King,

"For my crazed mind refuseth to believe." Then first Helgaut, the Abbot, bowed, and made The sign upon his bosom of the cross, And murmured, "By the blessed blood of Christ I swear this child is Bertha's and your own." And then another came and swore by Heaven; And, lastly, did they all appeal to God, And swear 'twas Bertha's and King Robert's child.

Then Robert groaned and wept and tore his hair, And cried "Alas! God's anger smiteth me, And I will part from her." Then said Helgaut, "Swear by the Church!" And then the King, "I swear."

And then another cried, "Oh, swear by Christ."
And, in a low and broken voice, the King,
"I swear." And then the others said, "Oh,
swear

By God." And, broken by an anguished sob,
"I swear by God in heaven to part with her,
And never to behold her face again!"

Then did the Brothers go from out the hall,
And leave King Robert with his mighty grief.
And when he found himself alone once more
He burst forth with a passionate despair,—
"Oh, must I part with thee, at last, my Queen,
And never see thy lovely face again,
And never hear thy low and thrilling voice,
Nor even bid thee now a last farewell?

Oh, must the tender light of those blue eyes
Forever vanish from my yearning sight,
And leave me dark and lonely? Must that form
Which was to me the precious casket fair
That held all gems that made life bright for
me,

Forever disappear, now, like a dream
Of beauty and of joy? Despite the sin,
Despite God's judgment on us both, my Queen,
My noble Bertha, oh, I love thee still.

I love thee with a love more passionate,
More deep, more rich than e'er I loved before;
It swells up in my heart as though 't would
burst

That feeble prison, small to hold so much.
O Bertha, Bertha, yes, I love thee still,
Despite that hideous deformity,—
Thy fruit, thy gift to me. And even thou
Wilt deem my heart is faithless unto thee,
And thou wilt curse and hate me, O my Queen.
Ay, sooner that, still sooner would I have
My harshness turn the love that burns within
Thy noble heart for me, to deepest hate,
Than have thee feel such pangs of fruitless love
As I feel now.” He ceased, and, rising slow,
He opened wide his arms, and then he gave
A long, despairing, piercing cry that held
His soul, his passion, and his love, and cried,
“Farewell, farewell forever!” Then he fell
Exhausted, fainting, and unconscious, low
Upon his face, as though all life had fled.

Into the chamber of King Robert’s queen
There entered, all alone, the Abbot grave,
Helgaut, who, walking on with solemn pace,
Stopped at her bedside, bending low to her.
Queen Bertha looked an instant at the priest,
Then cried, “Where is my child? What harm
has come?”

“What child?” exclaimed the monk with
feigned surprise;
“That hateful monster that you gave to me,
To show unto the King? Oh, call you that

Your child and do not blush?" "No, no,"
cried she,

"My little cherub, my sweet, rosy child,
That you erewhile did take from out my arms.
Come, come, oh, mock me not with these vain
fears,

But give to me once more my lovely babe."
Then solemnly and slowly spoke the monk,—
"I know not of a lovely little babe;

I know no more than that you gave to me
A child malformed and hateful. Unto you,
I well can fancy, it seemed beautiful,
But to all others 't was a monster dread,
And e'en the King did find it horrible."

"Nay, nay," then cried the terror-stricken
Queen,

"It was no monster, cruel-hearted monk;
And if it were, I'll love it still the same,
And cherish it, and think it beautiful,
If you will but restore it unto me."

Then went the monk from out the chamber-
door,

And, entering again, he brought with him
The child deformed, and gave it to the Queen.
She looked at it a moment, then recoiled,
All wildly shrieking, "Give me back my babe,
For that is none of mine! Where is my boy?"
"Well knew I," said the monk, "that none
could be

E'er blinded unto such deformities.
This is the awful judgment of the Lord ;
For this, Queen Bertha, this child is your
own.”

And then Queen Bertha rose upon her couch,
As though she had not heard his words, and
cried,—

“Where have you left my babe, oh, cruel
monk ?

If in your hard and rocky heart there be
One tender spot, oh, give me back my child !
I see, I see, you would but raise my fears,
And make me doubly happy when you bring,
Once more, my little blooming child to me.
But mock no more, for see, I will go mad !
Oh, say no longer that this thing is mine !
Then will I pardon you the agony
You cause me now. Fear not, I’ll pardon all.”

“Alas !” replied Helgaut, with artful sigh,
“All gladly would I bring some little child,
With merry, laughing, pretty infant face,
And swear it was your own, if Truth were not
Above all else with me. But this child is
The same one that you gave me as your own.
And, as a proof that this is so, the King
Saw only God’s just chastisement and wrath,
And bade me tell you, you must part from
him,
And leave at once his palace and his home,

And nevermore behold his face again.”

A moment since, all flushed and warm, she stood

Beside her couch, while weeping bitter tears,
And with both arms outstretched, as though in
prayer;

But now each tear rushed backward to its
source,

And froze upon her brain; her arms dropped
down

Beside her form, the rosy color fled

From cheek and lip, and left no sign of life,
Save the quick gasp, the choking, painful
breath,

And one long shudder that ran o'er her frame.

Helgaut had looked for violence and tears,

And cursings and loud cries, but none such
came,

While one great tear coursed down her pallid
cheek.

With dry, wide-opened eyes she looked at him,
Nor spoke nor moved. Then a long sigh up-
heaved

Her snowy breast, and thus she spoke to him,
Not madly, but with low and saddened tone,
And slow as though all life and strength had
gone.

“ Since Robert, since my noble lord, believes
That this thing is the child I bore to him,

I, also, now believe that it is mine,
For in all things I ever think with him.”
And meekly did she bow her queenly head,
And all again was silent. Then the monk :
“What parting message shall I give the King?”
Again, in low, soft tones, she answered him,—
“Tell Robert that his loyal Queen obeys
His least commands, and leaves his home to-
day.”

She spoke so low and painfully, Helgaut
Feared each word was her last, but still essayed
One question more. “This child, your child?”
said he.

Again, in soft and choking tones she spoke :
“Go, take it with you, tend and try to love,
And God will bless you; but, oh, show it not
Unto my tearless eyes again. Now go,
Put all your heart and passion and past youth
Into one word, and say it to the King,
And be that word ‘Farewell.’” The monk with-
drew,

And slowly went from out the royal halls.
Then, sinking down upon her couch again,
The Queen lay there all calm and pale and still,
And wept not, nor could pray, but only said,
“To leave at once his palace and his home,
And nevermore behold his face again.”
And o'er and o'er repeated this, until
The words had lost all meaning in her ears.

Low in the Western sky the full round sun
Was piercing with his darts of fire the clouds
Of purple and of gold around his throne,
And sinking all in glory to his rest;
While in the East there hung the pale-faced
 moon,

Like a round silver mirror, burnished bright,
For the great sun, who saw his image there
Reflected palely in its polished disk.

Then twilight fell upon the busy earth,
And clothed with mystery each tree and bush;
And, sparkling in the darkness, twinkled forth,
From out the azure mantle of the skies,
The diamond stars, erst hid within its folds.
All sounds died out upon the plain and hill,
Save the low cricket chirp, or the soft burr
Of grasshopper concealed beneath the leaves.
No more was heard upon the twilight air,
While France lay 'neath the Pope's dread in-
 terdict,

The pealing of the mellow vesper-bell,
But all around was hushed in still repose.

Then, when the quiet of that peaceful hour,
On each and all had fallen, slowly forth,
From out the palace of the King of France,
There came a stately woman robed in black,
With such a pallid, calm, and saddened face,
With such great, yearning, tearless azure eyes, .
With such a fixed and vacant gaze, she seemed

The Angel of Despair upon this earth.
Her steps were slow, and often did she pause
For strength and breath before she could pursue
Her short, but wearisome and painful path,
That led unto the convent's gloomy walls,
Arising near the palace of the King.
And now she seemed so sad and faint and ill,
That scarcely could she reach the gate alone.
At length she came before the portal tall,
And, knocking there, a white-robed nun ap-
peared,
And asked her what she would in those old
walls.

Then answered she, "I crave admission here
To wipe away my sin with prayers and tears,
For I am Bertha, once the Queen of France."
And when the gentle-hearted sisters heard
That she had been their good and noble Queen,
And found her thus in grief and misery,
They welcomed her within the convent walls,
And prayed for her, and spoke not of her sin,
But promised, on the morrow, she could take
The black veil of the nun, nor wait the time
That should expire in novitiate.

The little chapel of the convent old
Was lighted up with slender tapers bright,
The incense rose from waving censers full,
The great high altar was with flowers decked,

When Bertha entered, robed right regally
In fairest white, with all her golden hair
Upon her snowy shoulders waving down,
And crowned now with a wreath of lilies pure,
That could not pierce her brain and wound her
heart,

As the rich crown of gold she erst had worn.
No color lighted up the marble cheek,
No tears had yet relieved the aching eyes,
But beautiful, surpassing earthly grace,
She looked, as slowly up the chapel-aisle,
And followed by the white-robed chanting nuns,
She walked unto the altar. There she fell
Before it prostrate on her face, and then
The sisters o'er her flung the great black veil
That covered all her form; and half the nuns,
In low and tender voices, chanted slow,
With musical soft tones, "Our sister's dead."
And all the rest, in rich and thrilling voice,
That seemed to pierce the high and vaulted
roof,
Then chanted loud, "Alive in Jesus Christ!"
And after this they went to raise the veil,
And lo! the chants were true, for she was *dead*.

*September 12th, } 1865.
October 8th, }*

TRANSLATIONS.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

SONGS FROM HEINRICH HEINE.

I.

 HOU fairest Fisher Maiden,
 Row thy boat to the land;
 Come here, we'll sit together,
 Whispering hand in hand.

Lay on my heart thy head, love,
 And, dearest, fear not me;
 Thoughtless thou trustest daily
 The wild and restless sea.

My heart is like the sea, dear,
 With storm, and ebb, and flow,
 And many a lovely pearl lies
 Hid in the depths below.

II.

THE Lotus-flower trembles
Before the sun's gold light,
And, with her head low drooping,
Waits, dreamily, the night.

The Moon, he is her lover,
He wakes her with his light,
And unto him reveals she
Her flower-face so bright.

She blooms and glows and brightens,
And dumbly looks above ;
She weeps and sighs and trembles
With love and the woes of love.

III.

A LITTLE star fell down once
From its silver throne above ;
I saw it falling downwards, —
It was the star of Love.

And many leaves and flowers
Fell down from the apple-tree ;
There came the fresh young breezes
And toyed with them playfully.

There sang a swan on the lakelet,
Rowing calm upon the wave,
And, ever softly singing,
Dived in his watery grave.

Flower and leaf are vanished,
And darkness shrouds the hill;
The star has, crackling, fallen,
And the song of the swan is still.

IV.

LOVELY, clear, and golden star,
Greet my loved one from afar;
Tell her what I tell to you,—
That I'm heart-sick, pale, and true.

V.

FRIENDSHIP, Love, the Stone of Wisdom,
Heard I praised in every spot;
And I praised them, too, and sought them,
But, alas ! I found them not.

VI.

SAPPHIRES are thy little eyes,
So lovely and so sweet;

Oh, three times happy is the man
Whom they with love will greet.

Thy heart it is a diamond
That overflows with light ;
Oh, three times happy is the man
For whom it glows so bright.

Red rubies are thy lovely lips, —
No fairer can man press ;
Oh, three times happy is the man
For whom they love confess.

I only know that happy man,
I saw him roaming last,
Alone and sad, the forest green ;
His happiness soon past.

VII.

“SAY, where is thy little loved one,
That thou sang of, erst, so well,
As a flame that through thy heart, once,
Pierced with wondrous, magic spell ?”

Every flame must be extinguished,
And my heart is cold above ;
And this little book the urn is
For the ashes of my love.

VIII.

You have merry friends this evening,
The house is full of light;
There moves a darksome shadow
Across the windows bright.

In the dark thou canst not see me,
I stay here all alone;
Still less canst thou peer into
My heart, so sad and lone.

My sad, lone heart, it loves thee,
And brightens, loving *thee*;
It glows and pants and blossoms,
Only thou wilt not see.

IX.

How fragrant breathes the red carnation!
How the stars, a swarm on high
Of golden bees, all brightly glimmer
In the violet-blue sky.

Through the chestnut trees' dark shadows
Shines the cottage white and fair;
And I hear the glass-door clicking,
And thy voice floats on the air.

Friendly tremblings, loving tremblings,
Fearful, fond embraces bring;
And the little roses listen,
And the nightingales they sing.

X.

FLEETING kisses, shadow-life,
Love in darkened shadow too;
Think'st thou all remains, Coquette,
Unchanged e'er, and ever true?

What we lovingly possessed
Disappeared, like dream so deep,
And the hearts they have forgotten,
And the eyes have gone to sleep.

XI.

THE dreaming water-lily
From the lake looks up above,
The moon looks down upon her
All full of the woes of love.

Ashamed, she droops her head, then
Again in the waves so blue,
And lo! at her feet she sees there
The lover so pale and true.

XII.

UPON my loved one's little eyes
I wrote my sweetest song;
Upon my loved one's little cheeks
I wrote fair verses long.
As for my loved one's little mouth,
I wrote a stanza on it;
And, if my loved one had a heart,
I'd write for it a sonnet.

XIII.

THE rose and the lily, the sun and the dove,
I loved all these once, with an equal love.
I loved not one more, but I loved alone
The little, the fine one, the pure one, the one.
And, now, you yourself are worth all this
love,—
You're the rose and the lily, the sun and the
dove.

XIV.

THAT thou lovest me well knew I,
I saw it long ago;
And yet, when you confessed it,
It frightened me to know.

I stood upon the mountain
And sang so merrily;
All in the lovely sunset
I wept upon the sea.

My heart is like the sun, dear,
So flaming and so light,
And in a sea of love, deep,
It sinketh great and bright.

XV.

I BELIEVE not in the Heaven
Of which the Prophets write,
But only in thy little eyes;
They are my Heaven-light.

I believe not in the Lord God,
Of whom so much they cry;
But only in thy heart, love,—
No other God have I.

I believe not in the wicked
In Hell, and all Hell's smart;
But only in thy little eyes,
And in thy wicked heart.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH.

SONG FROM ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

 WAS the hour of eve, the mysterious hour,

When, suspending its wing,
The nightingale, seated on some lonely flower,
Commences to sing.

'T was the hour of eve, 't was the hour so grave,

'T was the noiseless twilight,
When the drooping rose sends o'er the murmuring wave
Incense rich to the night.

The air ceased to sigh, and the water to flow,
Whilst everything heard—
E'en the silvery star with its quivering glow—
The song of the bird.

He said to the rose, “Why, oh, blossom so fair,
Dost thou bloom but at night?”

And she said, “Why dost offer thy song to the
air
But in the starlight?”

And he answered, “My song is but for the
flower
That blooms in the night.”

She, “My scent for the bird that sings at the
hour
Of lovely twilight.”

In a mystery sweet, then, those words full of
love,

Did blend that calm hour;

And the morn found the bird — no longer
above —

By the deep-blushing flower.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH OF
VICTOR HUGO.

REASSURING SIGHT.

ALL is gladness, all is light,
The spider, at a busy pace,
To the silken tulips bright
Fastens his round silver lace.

Now the dragon-fly admires
The bright globes of his sparkling eye
In the splendid pond, where swarms
A whole world full of mystery.

The rose, grown young again, now seems
To join with the pink bud so bright;
The bird sings, full of harmony,
In the green branches full of light.

He praises thus the soul's great God,
Who, ever seen by all hearts true,
Makes dawn a pupil bright of flame,
For the fair sky an eye of blue.

In the dark woods, where all is hushed,
The timid peacock plays and dreams :
And in fair caskets green of moss,
Like living gold, the May-bug gleams.

The moon by day is warm and pale,
Like convalescent, full of mirth ;
Uncloseth she her opal eyes,
Whence heaven's sweetness comes to earth.

The gilly-flower, with the bee,
Caresses, kissing, the old wall ;
The furrow warm awakens gay,
Moved by the germ beneath it all.

All lives, and rises now with grace
The sun upon the cottage sill,
The shadow on the passing wave,
The blue sky on the em'rald hill.

The plain shines happy, now, and pure,
The woods prate, and the grass, too, grows.
Man, fear thou naught, for Nature smiles,
And Nature the great secret knows.

April 1st, 1865.

TO THEE !

SINCE each soul here must give
To some *one* name,
Its perfumes or its songs,
Or else its flame :

Since each heart that on earth
Does throb and live,
Its rose or thorn to Love
Must ever give :

Since April gives the oak
A rustling noise,
Since night to grief gives sleep, —
The best of joys :

Since air gives to the branch
The birdling blue,
And dawn gives to the flower
A little dew :

Since, when it comes at last
To rest in bliss,

The sad wave to the shore
Does give a kiss :

I give thee, at this hour,
Inclined o'er thee,
The best and truest thing
I have in me.

Receive then, love, my thoughts,
E'er sad with fears ;
That reach thee like the dew
Embalmed in tears.

Receive, dear, all my vows,
And all my praise ;
The shadow or the light
Of all my days.

My transports full of love,
And void of wrongs,
And all the tender words
Of all my songs.

My mind, that without sail
Floats on with chance,
And knows no other star
Than thy bright glance.

My muse, too, that the hours
 Now cradle soft,
That, weeping when thou weep'st,
 Does weep full oft.

Receive, dear, all my wealth
 From Heaven above ;
My *heart*, where naught remains
 Without its love !

April 2d, 1865.

SONG.

If there be a charming spot,
All wet with little showers,
Where, in every season, bloom
Some sweetly-budding flowers ;
Where we pluck whatever grows, —
Lily, honeysuckle, rose ;
I will make the pathway there,
Where thy foot, dear, can repose !

If there be a loving breast
Of which Honor doth dispose,
And whose firm devotion ne'er
Has aught sombre or morose ; —
If this noble breast does beat
With some purpose good and meet,
I will make the cushion there,
Where thy brow, dear, can repose !

If there be a dream of love,
All perfumed with a rose,

Where one finds that every day
Something good and worthy grows,—
A dream that God has blest,
Where soul with soul may rest,
I will make of it the nest
Where thy heart, dear, can repose!

April 7th, 1865.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

THOU seest, my child, that I bow me to God ;
Do like me, leave the world ; bear *Him* ever in
mind.

Be happy here? no ! Be triumphant? still less !
Be resigned !

Be good e'er and pure, and a pious brow raise,
And as day in the sky its flame does unroll ;
So thou, oh, my child, in the blue of thine eyes
Put thy soul.

No man here can triumph or happily live ;
The hour 's a thing incomplete,— but a shade ;
The hour 's a shadow,— of *that* our life
Must be made.

Of his fate every man is aweary at heart.
To be happy on earth, in this life full of pain,
All we need we 're without, and that *all* only
means

Trifles vain.

These trifles, they are what each man for his part,

In the universe seeks and desires the while,—
A word or a name, or some gold, a sweet look,
Or a smile!

The mighty crowned king without love has no joy;—

Without one drop of dew is the desert immense;
And Life is a well where the void ever must Recommence.

See these thinkers, my child, that we deify so,
See these heroes, with brows e'er resplendent and bright

Above us, whose horizons, all dark, they illumine
With their light.

After having, like torches with flashing bright flame,

Dazzled all by their rays that never can fade,
They have gone now to seek, in the depths of the tomb,

Grateful shade.

Heaven knows our sorrows, and knows our woes,

Taketh pity on our vain days full of fears,

And each morning it bathes our fair golden dawns

With its tears.

God enlightens us all here, at every new step,
On what He himself is, and what we are then;
A law comes from *things* here below on this earth,

And from *men*.

To this holy law, dear, every soul should conform:

It is this,—it may easily be reached, too, by all,—

Hate nothing, my child, *love* all here, or else
Pity all!

May 7th, 1865.

WHAT THE TWO CAVALIERS WERE THINKING OF IN THE FOREST.

THE heavens were black, in the wood was no light;

At my side Hermann seemed like a shade of the night;

Our horses sped on, but few were our words;
The clouds in the heaven resembled fair marble,
The stars, through the trees where was hushed every warble,

Fled like swarms of fiery birds.

Broken down by a grief with which no man could cope,

The great mind of Hermann was void of all hope.

I was full of regrets, but my sorrows reposed.

Then, in crossing the woods in the night's darksome glooms,

Hermann said, "I am thinking of half-opened tombs."

And I said, "I am thinking of those that are closed."

Hermann ever looks forward, I ever look back;
Our horses sped on in the forest's dark track;
Then the angelus rang from the far distant
shore,

Of all those who *are*, of all those who must live." {19
He said, "I am thinking of those who must
strive,
And I said, "I am thinking of all those no
more."

The founts sang; we knew not what words the
founts spoke.

The oak talked; we knew not what murmured
the oak;

Every bush with another talked like an old
friend.

Hermann said, "Ne'er the woes of the living
can end;

At this moment eyes watch, and other eyes
weep."

And I answered, "Alas! and still other eyes
sleep."

Hermann said, "Earthly life here is nothing
but woe;

Oh, I sigh for the grave, where the happy
dead go;

Where the grass grows, and all the sweet
flowers can bloom.

They all are caressed by the flames of the
night ;
All the souls there are calmed by the sky full
of light,
At the same time in every tomb."

And I answered, "Respect for the dark mys-
tery !

'Neath our feet, in the earth, the dead sleeping
lie ;

They 're the hearts that once loved thee, the
hearts of thy choice,—

Thy father, thy mother, thy angel now dead.

With thy irony dark, mock them never!" I
said,

"For as if through a dream they hear our
voice."

May 13th, 1865.

AT VILLEQUIER.

Now that Paris, its streets, and its temples,
and noise,
And its mists and its roofs are afar from mine
eyes,
That I sit me beneath the cool shade of the
trees,
And can dream of the beauty and light of the
skies ;

Now that, pale but triumphant, this hour I can
From my sorrow depart,
And can feel the sweet peace of all Nature so
grand,
That doth enter my heart ;

Now that, moved by the gorgeous horizon all
still,
As I sit on the shore, here, and see the waves
pass,
I can look at the truths that lie deep in my
heart,
And the flowerets blooming so fair in the grass.

And again, oh, my God, that I feel this sad
calm,

That I can, from this day,
See this stone with mine eyes, where I know,
in the gloom,
That she sleepeth for aye.

Now that, softened and moved by these sights
so divine,

Plains and forests, rocks, valleys, and silvery rill,
As my nothingness; God, and thy greatness I
see,

I can bow me all humbly before thy dread will.

I now come to thee, Father, whom all must
believe,

And I bring, as a token,
The crushed fragments, O God, of my heart
full of love,
Of the heart thou hast broken.

Yes, I come to thee, God, and confess that
thou art

Good and clement, indulgent and mild; in my
grief

I acknowledge that thou knowest alone what
thou dost,

And that man here is naught but a frail trem-
bling leaf.

The tomb shuts on the dead, but it opes on the
sky

That above us doth bend;

And in life the beginning of all is but that
Which we take for the end.

Thou possessest the real, the absolute, all !
On my knees I submit, with thy glory now
filled.

Oh, I feel it is good, and I feel it is just,
That my heart should have bled thus, since God
had so willed.

I no longer resist aught that comes from thy
hand,

For I know that our soul
Doth from grief unto grief, *man* from shore
unto shore,
To eternity roll.

On this earth we can only see *one* side of all ;
The rest's plunged in the night of a mystery
great.

Man submits to the yoke without knowing the
cause, —

All he sees here is short, and is useless and
fleet.

Thou dost ever make solitude follow his steps, —
Never gladness nor mirth !

And thou willest not that we should *certainty*
have,
Nor bliss on this earth.

For as soon as one joy man possesses in life,
Fate doth snatch it away. Oh, thou great God
above,
Thou hast given him naught that he ever may
say,—
“Here, now, this is my home, and my fields,
and my love !”

We can look but a moment at all that we see,
We grow old with no shield.
Since these things *are*, O God, 'tis because
they *must be*,—
I yield, yes, I yield !

Earth is darksome, O Lord, and thy harmony
grand,
Is composed, too, of sobs, e'en as well as of
song.
Man 's an atom in all of this infinite gloom,—
Gloom, where pure souls ascend, where fall
those who do wrong.

Oh, I know indeed well thou hast else to do
God,
Than to pity us all;

That a child here who dies, its poor mother's
despair
Is to thee naught at all.

And I know the fruit falls to the wind that
doth blow ;
The bird loses its feather, its perfume the
flower ;
And Creation is only a great giant wheel,
That can move not without crushing some every
hour.

Months and days, Ocean's waves, and the eyes
that weep, pass
'Neath the sky at thy nod ;
And the grass here must grow, and the children
must die, —
Oh, I know it, my God.

In thy skies, far beyond the vast sphere of the
clouds,
In that motionless heaven our eyes cannot
scan ;
Oh, perhaps there unknown things thou mak-
est, of which
E'er one element must be, — the sorrow of man.

And perhaps 'tis of use to thy purposes great,
Thou should'st ever take back

Cherished souls, that seem borne by the whirlwind so dread,
Of this earth's events black.

Our destinies dark thou dost rule by great laws,
That naught e'er disconcerts, and that nothing can move;
And thou canst not, O God, sudden clemencies have,
That derange the whole world. All is *fixed* there above.

I implore thee, O God, to look into my soul,
Low before thee struck dumb;
For as humble as infant, and mild as a maid,
To adore thee I come.

Now consider I had from the dawn, oh, my God,
Walked, thought, worked, and struggled all day for the right;
Explaining to man all thy works he knows not,
And illumining all things with thy great divine light;

That I had here, defying man's hatred and wrath,
Done my duty to *thee*;

That I could not expect then, these wages,
O God;

That I could not foresee

That thou, too, on my trembling and bent
mortal head,

Should strike me thus low with thy chastening
rod;

And that thou, who could'st see e'er how small
was my joy,

So soon should take from me my child, oh, my
God!

A soul thus struck down must full often com-
plain,—

I blasphemed even *thee*;

And I threw thee my cries like a child who
casts out

A stone into the sea.

When we suffer, consider, O God, that we
doubt,—

Eyes that weep too much finish in blindness at
length,—

That a soul, plunged by grief in the deepest
abyss,

When it sees thee no more cannot bow 'neath
thy strength.

And man cannot, O Lord, when he founders
and sinks
In Grief's ocean so deep,
In his mind, of thy grand constellations un-
moved,
The serenity keep.

To-day, I who was weak as a mother before,
I fall low at thy feet, like a reed in the wind;
And I feel lighted now, in my deep, bitter
grief,
By the glance full of love I have cast on man-
kind.

Man is crazy to murmur, for thou, in thy
hands,
Dost his destiny keep.
I no longer accuse, I no longer blaspheme,—
But, O God, let me weep !

Alas ! now from mine eyes let the sad tears
e'er flow,
Since 't is only for that thou createst man
here.
Let me bend me, O Lord, now, above this cold
stone,
And say soft to my child, “Do you feel I am
near ?”

Let me speak to her, over her grave thus inclined,

And her eyes may then shine,
As if, in the still night, she could hear my low words, —

This sweet angel of mine !

Alas ! e'er turning thus on the Past my sad eyes,
Naught consoles me on earth when my thoughts backward stray ;
I can see but that hour, in all of my life,
When she opened her wings, and then flew far away.

2

Yes, that moment will e'er be before me till death,

When for aye joy was o'er ;
When I cried, "This fair child that this instant was mine,
What ! I have her no more ! "

Feel no anger, O God, that I ever should grieve,
So long has this wound bled no peace can I find ;
And my soul's anguish now, is as strong as at first,
Though my heart doth submit, it can ne'er be resigned.

Feel no anger, ye brows that to sorrow belong,

Mortals ever in tears !

'T is not well for us always to tear our souls
From these griefs and these fears.

Only look ! our children we need very much ;
Oh, my God, when we see in our life one fair
morn,

In the midst of our troubles and woes and the
shade,

Our destiny makes, when we see a child born ;

A sweet infant, a loved and a sacred young
head,

With its bright smiling eyes ;

So fair that we think, at its birth, thou hast
then

Opened a door of the skies.

When we see sixteen years, this our other self,
bloom,

With endearments, from which we ne'er dream
we must part ;

When we see that this child we so tenderly
love,

Makes the light of our house, and makes day
in our heart ; —

That this joy is, of all of the joys we have
dreamed,

The sole one that will stay;—

Then consider, O God, 't is a very sad thing
To see *this* go away!

May 20th, 1865.

THREE YEARS AFTER.

IT is time for me to rest,
I can do naught now but weep;
Do not speak to me of aught,
Save dark shadows where they sleep.

What e'er could I recommence?
Now I only ask—God knows—
Of Creation, all immense,
Some calm silence and repose.

Why thus call me back again?
I have done my task aright;
He who worked before the dawn
Can go rest before the night.

At but twenty years mine eyes,
Ever bent upon the grass,
Were allowed no more on earth
To behold my mother pass.

Then she left us for the tomb,
And you know well that to-day
I am seeking, in this gloom,
One more angel flown away.

You now know that I despair ;
That no longer am I mild,
And, as father, that I weep,
Who did weep so much as child.

You all say my work 's not o'er,
Adam-like, first exiled one,
I behold my fate so stern,
And see well that I have done.

The sweet child God tore away
Helped me merely in her love ;
'T was my joy to see her gaze
Up at me, so far above.

If God would not end the task
For which ever I did strive,
If He wishes me to work,
He need only let *her* live.

He need only let me live,
With my daughter, fair to see,
In this bliss, where I e'er saw
Lights all full of mystery, —

Dazzling lights from other spheres.

God, thou sellest wisdom dear !

Why didst take from me the light

That I had in this life here ?

Didst thou think, O Master dread,

Seeing *Thee* from day to day,

This fair child I saw no more,

And she well might go away ?

Didst Thou think that man — vain shade —

His heart loses here, in sooth,

When that splendor dark he sees,

That we name in this world Truth ?

Thou could'st strike, he 'd feel it not,

His heart 's dead, without one bliss ?

That, by looking on the gulf,

He 's within but an abyss ?

That he 'll go where he is sent,

Coldly, 'neath the heavens blue ?

With no longer any joys,

He can have no sorrows, too ?

That a tender soul to Thee

Opes, to shut more close its door

And that those who 'd understand,

End by *loving* here no more ?

Didst thou truly think, O God,
I preferred, beneath the skies,
Thy dread glory's awful ray,
To the sweet light of her eyes?

Had I known that here below,
By thy stern laws, without ruth,
To *one* mind thou givest not
These things,—Happiness and Truth,

I thy veils would not have raised,
Seeking, pure heart with no mirth,
To see *Thee* beyond the stars,
Oh dark God of a dark earth!

No, I should have, far from thee,
Kept a straight road, calm and mild,
Glad to be an unknown man,
Passing, leading on a child.

To be left by all I wish,
Fate has conquered, I depart;
What all would ye light again
In the gloom that fills my heart?

Ye who speak to me, now say
That I must be strong and proud;
Toward the far horizon's light
I must lead the faltering crowd.

And when people all arise,—
An aim thinkers have, alas!—
They belong to those who dream,
They belong to those who pass.

That a soul with fires pure,
Should then hasten with its light,
Of earth's ages yet to come,
The sublime enlight'ning bright;

That, true hearts, we must take part,
Without fearing wave or winds,
In the feasts of new things now,
In the struggles of great minds.

Ye see tears upon my cheeks,
And accost me in strange tongue;
As a man would move and shake
One who sleeps too late and long.

But, oh think of what ye do!
This fair angel in the gloom,
When ye call me to your feasts,
May feel cold there in her tomb.

Perhaps, pale and livid, then,
She says, softly, as of old,—
“Does my father now forget
To come here, that I'm so cold?”

What ! when scarce I can resist
Mem'ries sad that make me dumb ;
When I 'm broken, weary, faint,
When I hear her whisper, " Come ! "

What ! you wish me to desire
All earth's fragile, useless joys ; —
Praise that follows poets here,
And the paladin's loud noise !

And you wish me to aspire
To bright triumphs, when I cope
With my fate, and dawn announce
To weak dreamers, crying " Hope ! "

In the struggle's heat you wish,
'Midst strong brows, to see my head ;
On the starry vault mine eyes !
Oh ! dark grass, where lie the dead ?

June 2d, 1865.

ABIDE IN HOPE.

WHERE on earth thou spread'st thy tent,
As night falleth from above,
Do not ever ask for Joy,
But content thyself with Love.

Man's a tree whose sap doth fail
Ere he's in his flower and pride ;
And his fate is ne'er worked out,
Save on Sorrow's gloomy side.

All seek Joy together here,
And to all, Hope smileth bright ;
Each extends a trembling hand
To some object far, of light. . . .

But to each soul, meek or proud,
Woe mounts, ere its course he notes,
Like a ghost with feet of stone,—
All the rest, here, vaguely floats.

We have naught on earth but Grief,—
Bliss, for weeping mankind here,
Is a fleeting image vain
Of the things that are elsewhere.

Hope's the dim, uncertain dawn
On our end; 't is, as we see,
Like the gilding, bright and fair,
Of a ray of mystery.

The reflection, mist, or flame
That e'er poureth from on high,
In its calm, upon our souls,
All the joy of the blue sky.

'T is the lovely visions white,
That e'er see man's cursèd eyes
Through the branches, waving fair,
Of the trees of Paradise.

'T is the shade upon our strand
That these lovely trees e'er throw,
Of which, in its dreams, the soul
• Hears the rustling, soft and low.

This reflection, pale of bliss,
We call Joy upon this sod;
And we would the *shadow* seize,
While the thing belongs to God.

Away ! none can rise so high ;
God will still on earth man keep.
We may smile at what we dream,
But o'er what we have we weep.

Since a God at Calv'ry bled,
Murmur not, weak man or child.
Suffer ! 'T is the law severe,—
Love ! It is the dictate mild.

Let us love ! Be two ! The wise
Ne'er alone is in his bark.
The two eyes e'er make the face ;
The two wings e'er make the lark.

Be united ! All invites
To Love, ere with Fate we cope ;
Let us have here but one Life !
Let us have here but one Hope !

In this lying world I'd love
All the grief that e'er was mine ;
If my visions were thy dreams,
If my tears were only thine !

June 6th, 1865.

NIGHTS IN JUNE.

WHEN in summer day flees, the plain covered
with flowers,
Sweetest perfumes exhales, that its blossoms
e'er keep;
With closed eyes, and with ears but half oped
to the noise,
Then we only sleep half with a transparent
sleep.

The stars seem more pure, and the shadow
more soft,
A vague twilight illumes the eternal dome
high,
And Dawn, mild and pale, while awaiting her
hour,
Seems to wander all night on the edge of the
sky.

June 9th, 1865.

EVENING AT SEA.

NEAR the fisher in the dark,
While we both, as daylight flies,
Slowly wander in our bark,
And to frail man's song we hark,
And the mighty wave's low sighs;

'Neath the shadow of the sail,
As we sit us now both down;
While thy fair face thou dost veil,
And thy glance, from the stars pale,
Seems to bring all bright rays down;

When what Nature now doth hide,
We can neither read the while,
Tell me, oh, my lovely bride,
Why my sad heart erst low sigh'd?
Why thine angel brow doth smile?

Say, why like a bitter bowl,
E'en though brought thus near to thee,
Do sad thoughts now fill my soul?

'Tis that *I* see dark waves roll,
And bright heaven thou dost see.

'Tis that *I* see billows dread,
Thou the mystic stars so bright,
And all lost and sore afraid,
Alas ! I but mark the shade,
While *thou* only see'st the light.

Each one,—'t is the law supreme,—
To the end, rows on in pain.
Not one man,—oh, fatal scheme !—
Tills and sows not, does it seem,
Upon something here in vain.

Man is on a wave that sighs,
And the storm-wind tears his cape ;
He rows on beneath night's skies,
And bright hope, before his eyes,
Through the boat's chinks doth escape.

Tempests tear his sail away, —
It is tattered even now ;
On his path the waters play,
And obstructions in his way
Foam up ever at the prow.

Alas ! all works here below,
'Neath thine eyes, God far away !

On whatever side we go
Doth some shudd'ring wavelet flow,
And some man goes sad away.

Where dost *thou* go? To the Night!
Where goest thou? To Day above!
Thou? I seek if Doubt be right!
Thou? Toward glory do I move!
And thou, too? I go to Love!

No! ye all go to the tomb!
To the unknown, dreaded bourn.
Vulture, eagle, dove, midst gloom,
Where all fall on earth that bloom,
And whence none can e'er return.

Ye all go where those are gone,
With most glory and most light,
With the flower Spring gilds bright.

* Ye all go where goes the dawn,
Ye all go where goes the night.

To what end are all these woes?
Why such jealous watch here keep?
Drink the fountain's wave that flows,
Take the acorn ere it grows,
And then love, and rest in sleep.

When, like bees with busy flight,
We have worked and toiled alway;

When we 've dreamed of wonders bright,
And when, on many a night,
We 've heaped up many a day,—

On the fairest rose of all,
On your lily's purest bloom,
Do you know what then must fall ?
Dark oblivion for all,
And for every man the tomb !

For the Lord e'er takes away,
As they 're plucked, our fruits all frail ;
To the ship, "Sink!" doth He say ;
To the flame, "Now die away!"
And to the flower, "Pale!"

To the warrior doth He call,
"E'er the last word I must keep,
Mount, O worldly king of all,
Highest summit has the fall,
To abyss most dark and deep."

And He says to beauty fair,—
"Dazzle now all eyes thou must ;
Ere Death cometh with Despair,
Be *once* flame and sparkle fair,
Then, forever, be thou dust!"

This dread order swallows here
Everything,—it is our fate.

Mortal, murmur, if you dare,
Unto God, who, O Despair !
Made man little, heaven great.

Each, e'en though he e'er denies,
Struggles, working out his path.
The eternal harmonies,
Like an irony man sees,
Weighing down this human wrath.

All false joys we envy so,
Pass, like Summer eve, unmoved
To the shadow all must go.
What remains of life below,
Saving only to have loved.

It is thus I bend my head,
E'en whilst thou dost raise thine eyes;
Thus, upon the waters dread,
I now listen sore afraid,
To the murmuring wave's sighs.

Thus I question all, and crave
Answers that ne'er come to me.
In this gulf, where I would lave,
The earth mixes with the wave.
Thou, oh, never do like me !

On the waters dark I now
Ever turn my weary eye.

But oh, loved and veiled soul, thou
Toward bright, starry hope thy brow
Dost forever raise on high.

Thou dost well. Each star appears,
Watch, and never know vain fears.
Thou art drawn on high the while.
For above thou see'st God's smile,
And below I see man's tears !

June 23d, 1865.

THE ROSE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

To the heavenly butterfly, “Soar not afar !”
The poor flower did say.

“Only see how we differ,—I e'er must remain,
While thou fly'st away.

“And yet well do we love, we can live without
man,

And far from his power ;
We resemble each other, 't is said that we are,
Each one, a bright flower.

“But alas ! air takes thee, and the earth en-
chains me.

Ah, woe, cruel fate !
Oh, I would with my perfume embalm thy
winged flight
To heaven's high gate.

“But too far dost thou go, and 'midst myriad
flowers
Thou ever dost fleet ;

E'en while *I* stay alone and watch sadly my shade

Turn round at my feet.

“Thou soarest, returnest, and then soarest again,

To sooth others' fears;

And 't is thus at each dawn, here, thou findest me, love,

All bathed in my tears.

“Oh now, so that our love may have long faithful days,

My king, take like me,

Deepest root in the earth, or else give to me wings

E'en like unto thee!”

L'ENVOI TO ——.

ALL, roses and butterflies, together Death
brings,

 Or sooner or late;

Come, oh wilt thou not live with me some-
where, my love?

 For what dost thou wait?

Some place in the air, if 't is there thou wouldst
 wing

 Thy heavenly flight,

Or some spot in the fields, if thy chalice there
 pours

 Its treasures so bright.

Where thou wilt! Oh, what matters it? Be
 thou my life,

 My perfume, my flower,

My radiant butterfly, my blossom-cup full,
 The light of each hour.

Let us first live together. That joy we must have.

And when that bliss is given,
We can choose as we will, 't is the same, then,
our home

On earth or in heaven !

June 25th, 1865.

TO A WOMAN.

CHILD, if I were a king I 'd my kingdom cast
down,

And my car, and my sceptre, and warriors true,
And my porphyry baths, and my bright golden
crown,

And my fleets, and my people on knees falling
down,

For a glance, dear, from you.

And I 'd give, were I God, all the wavy blue
air,

All the angels and demons who bent me their
knee,

And the chaos so deep, and the green earth so
fair,

And eternity, space, and the skies,—naught
I 'd spare,—

For a kiss, dear, from thee.

June 26th, 1865.

TO L——.

ALL hope here below, oh, my child, is a reed,—
God holds our joys in his hands, my sweet
dove,

Unwinding them at his fell distaff with speed,
Then, breaketh the thread, joy falls down into
gloom.

For in every cradle
There germs a tomb.

Oh, unto my dazzled soul, erst in the past,
The future seemed like a bright veil from afar:
I saw flowers of light burst forth in the shade,
The sea with its halcyon, sky with its star.

Now this vision so bright,
Alas ! fades from my sight.

If near thee one weeps as in dreams he doth go,
Let him weep without seeking the cause e'en to
know.

It is sweet, oft, to weep. Tears bless, as they
flow, .

Weak mankind, alas! on whom Fate dark doth
weigh.

Each tear, oh, my child,
Wipes *something* away.

June 1st, 1865.

GUITARE.

“ How now,” said the youths,
“ With our barks so slow,
Flee the alguazils ? ”
And the maids said, “ Row ! ”

“ How now,” said the youths,
“ Never grieve or weep,
And all wrongs forget ? ”
And the maids said, “ Sleep ! ”

“ How now,” said the youths,
“ Beauty thrill and move
With no subtle spells ? ”
And the maids said, “ Love ! ”

June 9th, 1865.

THE STREAMLET AND THE OCEAN.

FROM the rocks once there flowed down the streamlet,

Drop by drop, to the terrible sea;
And the Ocean, to mariners fatal,
Said, "O weeper, what wouldest thou with me?"

"I am tempest, and darkness, and terror;
I but end where the sky doth commence.
Have I need, then, of thee, oh, thou streamlet,—
Thou so little, and I so immense?"

Said the stream to the darksome gulf bitter,—
"Without glory I come to thy brink;
And I bring thee, vast sea, what thou hast not,—
A fresh drop of pure water to drink."

June 24th, 1865.

TO ——.

SINCE thy days on earth are filled
With grief that shatters pride ;
Since the things that thou unit'st
Are detached on every side ;

Since our fathers now are gone
Where we all of us must go ;
Since our children, cherished heads,
Now before *us* slumber low ;

Since the earth o'er which thou bow'st,
Where thy tears flow in sad showers,
Has already all our roots,
And has some, too, of our flowers ;

Since the voices we *have* loved
Join with those we love, at last ;
Since our very dreams are filled
With the shadows of the Past ;

Since e'er Sorrow overflows
When with bliss we burn and thrill;
Since our life is like a vase
Man can empty not, nor fill;

Since at every step we feel
Shadows thicken, like a spell;
Since now lying Hope for us
Has no longer tales to tell;

Since the hour can promise naught
For the morrow, now so nigh;
Since we know no longer one
Of all those who pass us by;

Raise thy mind beyond this world,
Elsewhere dream than here below;
In our wave is not thy pearl,
Nor thy path where we all go.

When the night-sky is not starred
On the sea's waves, far from strife,
Dream, the sea is veiled like Death,
The waves bitter are, like Life.

Gulfs and shades a mystery have,
Known to no poor mortal weak;
It is God who made them mute
Till the day when all will speak.

Other eyes have tried to pierce
These deep waves, in days gone by,
Other eyes have filled with shade,
As they looked upon the sky.

Thou ask peace for thy sad heart
Of the world so full of wrong!
Ask a drop from out this urn,
From this music ask a song!

Let thine eyes e'er wander far,
As thou soarest from our glooms,
'Twixt the sky, where are the souls,
And the earth, where are the tombs.

June 1st, 1865.

THE BRIDGE.

BEFORE me was gloom. The abyss full of woes,
The abyss that no shore, no summit e'er knows,
Was there, dark, immense. Nothing moved in
the gloom,

I felt myself lost in the Infinite, dumb.

Through all of the shade, like a veil, down afar,
There God could be seen, like a gloomy, dark
star.

“My soul, oh, my soul!” I cried forth in my
fears,

“To traverse this gulf, where no shore now ap-
pears,

And to go where the Lord walks, afar in the
night,

On millions of arches, a bridge I must build.

Who e'er could do that? None! O sorrow!
O fright!

Weep!” A phantom arose, with awe was I
filled

As I cast on the shade an eye full of fear.
The spectre so pale had the form of a tear.

'T was the brow of a maid, with hands of a
child,—

A lily defended by purity mild.

Her hands, as she clasped them, a bright light
did show,

She looked at th' abyss where all dust e'er must
go;

So deep that no echo can answer, all filled
With gloom, and she said, then, "This bridge
will *I* build."

I looked at the phantom, so pale and so fair,—
"Thy name?" then I asked, and she answered
me, "Prayer!"

May 19th, 1865.

TO KING LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT, THE 12TH OF JULY, AFTER THE
SENTENCE OF DEATH PRONOUNCED JULY 12TH, 1839.

For thine angel, flown off like a dove in the
gloom,
For thine own royal infant, poor frail little
thing,
Mercy! Pardon, once more, in the name of
the tomb,
In the name of the cradle, oh, mercy, great
King!

May 23d, 1865.

WRITTEN ON THE TOMB OF A LITTLE
CHILD BY THE SEA-SHORE.

OLD ivy, fresh grass, shrubs, branches, green
boughs,

Church, where man *sees* the God that elsewhere
he *dreams*,

Bright insects that murmur ineffable words,

I' the shepherd's ear, sleeping beneath the sun's
beams;

Winds, waves, stormy hymn, endless song, voices
loud,

And woods that wake dreams in the sad passer-
by;

Fruits, e'er falling down from the dark gloomy
tree,

And stars that fall down from the dim obscure
sky;

Birds, with songs full of joy, and waves with
sad sighs,

Green lizards, so cold in the sun and the rain;

Plains, spreading your perfumes afar on the waves;

Sea, where groweth the pearl; earth, where bursts forth the grain;

And Nature, whence comes and where falls again all;

Leaves, nests, and sweet boughs that the breezes glad keep;

Oh, be ye all hushed now, around this low grave,

Let the child slumber on, and the poor mother weep!

June 1st, 1865.

OCEANO NOX.

AH ! how many poor sailors and captains there are,

Who, all joyous, departed for travels afar,
And, upon this horizon, have vanished for aye !
And how many have sunk now, oh, sad, gloomy fate !

In this endless deep sea, in some moonless night, late,
And beneath this blind ocean are buried away.

With their vessels, oh, how many captains have died !

The wild storm of their life in their flower and pride,

With one breath, each page scattered, beneath the waves dark.

None can e'er know the fate of those plunged in this grave ;

As it passed, with some booty was laden each wave,

One the sailors had seized, and another the bark.

None can e'er know your fate, oh, poor heads,
now all lost!

Ye roll on through this sea that ye each would
have cross'd,

And ye strike with dead brows unknown rocks,
far from shore.

Oh, the parents, with only a *dream* left on land,
Who have died as they waited each day on the
strand,

For those lost ones who ne'er have returned to
them more!

Many speak of you yet, and while seated
around

Upon rusty old anchors all over the ground,
Blend your names, covered over with shadows
so deep,

With their laughs and their songs, and now,
since ye have died,

With the kisses they steal from your loves,
once your pride,

Whilst 'mid tangled green sea-weed ye quietly
sleep.

They ask, "Where have they gone? In some
isle that none share

Are they kings? Have they left us for coun-
tries more fair?"

Then your *memory*'s buried at last! No man
knows

Of your life. The form 's lost, from the mind
the name 's past.

Time, who o'er every shade doth a deeper one
cast,

O'er the ocean so dark black Oblivion throws.

And your shade from all eyes here has disap-
peared now.

Has not *this* man his bark? Has not that man
his plough?

But in long stormy nights, from all others
apart,

Your sad widows, pale-browed, though sore
weary, await,

And they whisper and dream of you, even thus
late,

As the ashes they stir of their hearthstone and
heart.

When the darksome tomb closes *their* eyes and
they 're gone,

Nothing knows then your name, even no hum-
ble stone

In the graveyard so narrow, where echo re-
plies;

Nor the willow, now green, that in Autumn is
bare,

Nor the song, with its simple, monotonous air,
That the beggar, who sits on some bridge,
sings and sighs.

Where are all those now gone who dark 'nights
 found their graves ?
Oh, ye know mournful histories, murmuring
 waves, —
Waves that mothers who pray fear and tremble
 at so ! —
And ye tell these sad tales to the earth and
 the air ;
And that gives you those voices, all choked with
 despair,
That ye sob with at evening when toward us ye
 flow.

June 27th, 1865.

THE CAPTIVE.

IF I were not captive here,
Oh, this country would seem sweet,
And this plaintive sea, that moans,
And these fields of golden wheat,
And these myriad bright stars,
If, then, only in the shade,
Did not gleam along the wall,
Every Spahi's sabre-blade.

Not a Tartar maid am I
That a eunuch black should pass
In my hands my stringed guitar,
And should hold for me my glass.
From these Sodoms, far away
In the country where I live,
With the gay, young cavaliers,
One can sit and talk at eve.

And yet I, too, love a shore
Where dark Winter's tempests keen
Never reach you, cold and drear,
The oped lattice bars between.

There the rain, in Summer's warm,
And the insects green, that pass,
All, like living emeralds, gleam
In the caskets of green grass.

Oh, fair Smyrna is a queen,
With her graceful chapel tall ;
Happy Spring, forever here,
Swiftly answers to her call.
E'en, as in a cup, are grouped
Blooms from every flower that grows,
In her seas the isles all break
Into archipelagoes.

All these towers, fair, I love,
And these banners floating gay,
And gold houses, like frail toys,
Wherewith any child might play.
And I love my thoughts to be
Ever cradled, sweet and soft,
In these bright pagodas, perched
On the elephants aloft.

In these fairy-like abodes
Now my joyous heart, ne'er dumb,
Thinks it hears, in all the sounds
From the Desert far that come,
All the genii's voices sweet,
Blending harmonies so fair,

In the hymns and songs they chant
Ever up in the blue air.

And I love the burning scents
Of this country's forest scene;
On the casement gold I love
All the trembling foliage green.
And the stream, whose wave o'erflows,
And the drooping palm-tree, wet,
And the snowy stork that sits
On the pure white minaret.

On a bed of moss I love
To sing low some Spanish song,
While my young companions fair
On the sward all dance along,—
Smiling, wandering legion bright,
Like the ocean's waves that roll,
Ever whirling, in their dance,
'Neath their rounded parasol.

But still more, when soft the breeze
Doth caress me, fluttering by
At calm night, I love to dream
By the sea, while in the sky
The fair moon arises pale,
Far above the ocean's span,
And below, upon the wave,
Opens wide her silver fan.

July 1st, 1865.

LOVE.

O FAIR maiden, at first Love is only a glass
Where coquettes like to mirror their face as
they pass,

Bending over it, dreaming or bright.

Then, like Virtue, when once it possesses the
heart,

It makes evil and all mocking vices depart,
And it maketh your soul pure and white.

Then you fall just a little, your foot slips, you
bend;

'T is a darksome abyss, vain you cling to the
end;

The wild water's deception you 've found.

Love is charming and *mortal*. O maid, trust it
not!

Thus the child, slowly drawn to a stream's smil-
ing spot,

First is mirrored, then laves, then is drowned.

July 2d, 1865.

SONG.

If to me you have nothing to say,
What doth bring you, love, here to my side?
And why smile at me now in that way,
That would turn a king's head, in your pride?
If to me you have nothing to say,
What doth bring you, love, here to my side?

If to me you have nothing to tell,
Oh, why press you my hand in that way?
Of the tender and angel-like spell,
That you dream as you pass on your way,
If to me you have nothing to tell,
Oh, why press you my hand in that way?

If you wish me to go now away,
Tell me, why do you pass, love, by here?
When I see you I tremble, oh, stay,
You 're my joy, oh, my love, and my fear!
If you wish me to go now away,
Tell me, why do you pass, love, by here?

June 28th, 1865.

WHILE KNOCKING AT A DOOR.

I 'VE my father and mother now lost,
And my first-born yet young, and I dwell
On this earth, where all Nature for me
Tolleth the knell.

'Twixt my brothers, in childhood, I slept ;
We were three little birds with no fears.
Alas ! Fate their two cradles has changed
Into two biers.

I have lost thee, O daughter, I loved,
Thee, who fillest now all the deep gloom
Of my days with the light that doth come
Out from thy tomb.

I have soared and descended again,
In my sky I 've seen light and shade rest ;
I 've worn purple and sackcloth ; the last
Suits me the best.

I have known the deep passions of earth,
I have found the dark shade in Love's rays,

I have seen winds and waves pass away,
Hours and days.

O'er my head the wild ospray doth flit;
They have scorned all my labors till now;
'Neath my *feet* is dust, wounds in my heart,
Thorns on my *brow*.

I have tears in my sad, pensive eye,
And my robe's tattered all in this gloom;
On my conscience, I've naught—I await—
Open, thou Tomb!

June 28th, 1865.

VANITY.

WHAT to thee, O my heart, is the birth of a
king,

And these victories, when always they merrily
ring

Joyous peals, and the cannon roars forth?
Each one pompously praising the God throned
on high,

And at night sending far to the dome of blue
sky

All these starry sheaves upward from earth.

On thy God all alone, oh, turn elsewhere thine
eyes,

For on earth, in each thing here, some vanity
lies,

And with mankind can Glory ne'er rest.
Golden mitres and crowns brightly shine, but
they pass,

They are worth not a single green blade of
fresh grass,

That God makes for the swallow's soft nest.

The most greatness, alas, does most nothingness hold !

And the shell reaches sooner the obelisk old
Than doves' nests, hid by flowering blooms.

And by *death* is God's union with monarchs
e'er shown,

For His cross makes the top of their bright
golden crown,

And His temple is paved with their tombs.

What ! of all our towers and castles no trace ?
And of Bonaparte, Mahomet, Caesar, each race,
Naught that falls not ? *All* vain, worldly toys ?
Oh, dread, darksome abyss, where man's mind
God doth keep,

At a few feet beneath us a silence so deep,
On the surface above so much noise !

June 28th, 1865.

CONTENT WITH THEE!

WHEN you speak to me of Fame,
Then with bitterness I smile ;
For this voice that you believe,
I have proved its lying guile.

Glory quickly is struck dumb ;
Envy's bloody torch, midst gloom,
Only spares this statue when
At the threshold of the tomb.

From us flees all happiness,
Power falls with other joys,
And a little soothing love
Is much best, and makes less noise.

Naught I ask for, save thy smile
And thy voice, o'er all my days ;
The blue air, the rose, the shades,
And the golden sun's bright rays.

Oh, I only wish on earth,
E'er in joy or sorrow's hour,
Thy bright glances, O my star !
Thy sweet perfume, O my flower !

In thine eyes, illumed with light,
All celestial from above,
Though I know a whole world sleeps,
Yet I only seek there *Love* !

My deep thought is like an urn,
'T is a vase with liquid still,
That could fill the universe,
But thy heart alone would fill.

Sing — bliss thrills in every vein ;
Smile — I need no other joys.
What to me, love, is the crowd,
With its distant, roaring noise ?

All in vain, to break our ties,
While you plunge me in joy's stream,
Do I conjure up the forms
Of the poets, in my dream.

No ! I care not what they say,
E'er this preference will I keep, —
To Fame's trumpets, that awake,
Thy sweet song, that lulls to sleep.

Should my name be blazoned forth,
E'en to heaven's brow above,
Oh, still half of me on earth
Would yet stay with thee, to love.

Let me love thee in the shade,
Sad, or serious, at least ;
Sadness is a darksome place,
Where love can shine forth best.

Angel, with thy sparkling eyes,
With thy days all tear-wet, sweet,
Take my soul up on thy wings,
Let my heart rest at thy feet !

May 9th, 1865.

SUNSETS.

Merveilleux tableaux que l'œil découvre à la pensée.—*Charles Nodier.*

CALM and quiet eves love I. Yes, love I those eves,

If they gild bright and fair, buried deep in the leaves,

Some old mansion's brow, frowning and proud,
Or in fiery banks the mist rises on high,

Or a thousand rays break in the pure azure sky,

Into isle-dotted oceans of cloud.

Oh, now look at those clouds, moving swift in the sky,

Heaped far up by the breath of the winds there on high !

In strange forms do they group all in crowds.
And at times, 'neath their waves, a flash gleam-
eth forth there

Of pale lightning, as if some dread giant of air
Drew his sword from its sheath midst the clouds.

'Twixt their shadows the sun shines all brilliantly still,

And he maketh like dome of rich gold on the hill,

Some poor cottage-roof gleam wondrous bright.
Or else long he disputes with the mists the dim sky,

Or cuts out on the grass, where his gorgeous rays lie,

Spots like lakes fair and broad, all of light.

Then we think we can see in the sky, swept away,

A great crocodile hang, its striped back to display,

With its three rows of teeth, sharp and fine.

On its leaden-like breast a gold sunbeam doth glide,

And red clouds shine and burn, now upon its dark side,

E'en like gilded scales over its spine.

Then arises a palace; a breeze comes, all 's gone!

The dread building of clouds crumbles up, all alone,

Into ruins swift hurried and burned.

And it strews the whole sky, while each coral red tower,

With its top pointing down, o'er our head now
doth lower,

Like great mounts that have been overturned.

And these clouds of gold, copper, and iron,
where dwell

The tempest and waterspout, thunder and hell,
That all sleep there with murmurings low;

God suspends from the sky every one with its
gleams,

As a warrior hangs from the ceiling's high
beams,

All his armor, that brightly doth glow.

All now fades, and the sun from above falleth
down,

Like a great globe of brass, that, on fire, is
thrown

Once more back to the furnace, its home.

As it falls on their waves, that its shock parts,
it makes,

To the zenith jet out, now in fiery flakes,
All the clouds' burning, crimson-hued foam.

Ever contemplate heaven, when Night falls
above,

At all times, in all parts, with ineffable love ;
Try to see through and pierce those veils' folds
from afar !

There 's a mystery deep 'neath the beauty of
all, —

In dark Winter, when heaven is black as a
pall,

And in Summer when broidered with many a
star.

July 1st, 1865.

THE END.

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